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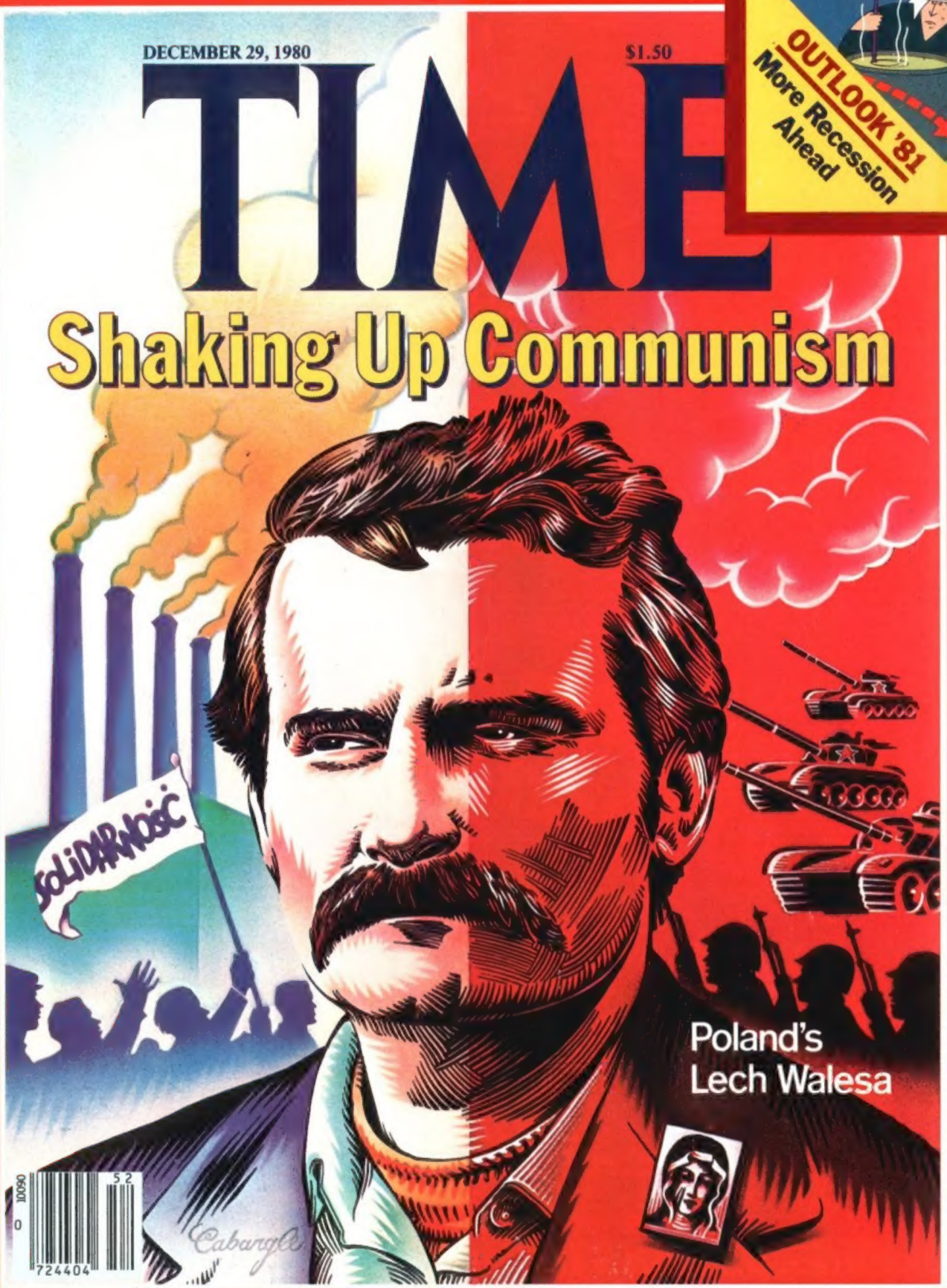
TIME

Shaking Up Communism



Poland's Lech Walesa

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DECEMBER 29, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 26 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

The call of duty for TIME foreign correspondents inevitably has its hazards. New Delhi Bureau Chief Marcia Gauger was inside the U.S. embassy in Islamabad, Pakistan, in November of last year when it was attacked and burned by an angry mob. She was the only journalist present, and her first-person account of the siege and subsequent rescue became part of a TIME cover story. Nairobi Bureau Chief Jack White was in Kampala for this week's World story on the Uganda elections when he and Photographer Bill Campbell were trapped for two hours at the downtown cable office under a hail of government mortar and machine-gun fire. All the first aid needed when it was over was for a broken toe, suffered by Campbell in a jump from the top of a courtyard wall to reach the safety of the American embassy.

In Poland, with Soviet tanks poised across the border, Correspondents Barry Kalb and Erik Amfitheatrof prepared themselves for the rigors of the Polish winter. Kalb, who has been monitoring the Poles' increasingly restive mood for two years, trailed the leaders of Solidarity, the nation's new labor union, as they crisscrossed the country to attend meetings with workers and government officials. He eventually interviewed ten of the 18 members on Solidarity's presidium. "I have become quite fond of the Polish people over the course of this assignment, and have made a number of friends —among them, members of the party," says Kalb. "For everyone's sake, I hope their experiment with a more humane and democratic form of Communism is allowed to succeed."

RUDI FREY

Amfitheatrof with Walesa in Poland

Amfitheatrof had just returned to Rome from the earthquake-shattered villages of southern Italy when he was called to help Kalb in Poland. With a Polish visa, prudently obtained back in August, he was able to fly directly to Warsaw and spend part of a day with Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa at church and at Walesa's home outside Gdansk. "The Poles are marvelously brave and calm," observes Amfitheatrof, who along with Kalb witnessed last week's emotional unveiling of the workers' monument in Gdansk. "Whatever the future holds for them has enormous implications for Eastern Europe and quite possibly the whole world."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: A memorial service in Gdansk unites labor, church and party in a tribute to martyrs of Polish strikes. The growing strength of Lech Walesa's Solidarity is shaking the Soviet empire to its roots. *See* WORLD.

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Letters

Age of Robots

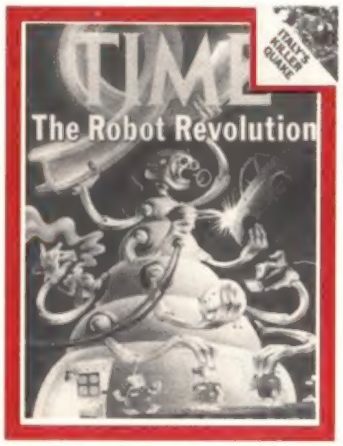
To the Editors:

"The Robot Revolution" [Dec. 8] graphically illustrates a couple of phenomenal achievements—microcomputers and computer imaging—that came out of the space program. Americans who have been grumbling for years that the only thing we got out of the space program was a bunch of rocks should have their calculators repossessed.

Jim Wood
Lumberton, N.C.

The ultimate insult to the blue-collar workers standing in long lines at the unemployment office will be a Civil Service robot electronically reporting, "Your claim has run out, run out, run out . . ."

James M. Kahn
Portland, Ore.



One area where robots could free humans from a task that is "intrinsically human" is fighting wars. Imagine a war in which no one bleeds and no one dies.

Christopher Carlson
New York City

I can see it now—TIME's cover story for the year 1999, written by a robot, informing us that the magazine is planning to experiment once again with human reporters.

Norm Eklund
Sumner, Wash.

As robots take over more and more of our tasks, we must be sure that we never allow the mechanical grasp to exceed our reach.

Joshua B. Fraimow
Oberlin, Ohio

Unmanly Bible

The King James version of the Bible is good enough for me without any desexing [Dec. 8], but it looks as though feminist nitpickers are going to keep sending Moses back up the mountain for those tablets until he finally gets it right! God must be shaking his head wondering if Eve was such a good idea.

Eleanor M. Cockerline
Warren, Mich.

Perhaps those who are revising the Bible could get rid of the word sin and still retain the "flavor" of the King James. The Scriptures would be more universally palatable without reference to sin.

Ann Fife
Bryan, Texas

It seems to me wrong to make a tendentious translation in order to support a social movement or to avoid offending some readers.

More troubling is the spectacle of a church council giving translators directives that represent in effect a censorship of the Scriptures. Such conduct by ecclesiastical authorities, always for motives that appeared laudable at the time, has a long and unhappy history.

The Rev. E. Earle Ellis
New Brunswick Theological Seminary
New Brunswick, N.J.

Last night I prayed to "God the Parent, God the Offspring and God the Holy Ghost." I hope it heard me.

Paul B. Horton
Sun City, Ariz.

People should not change the Bible. The Bible should change people.

Robert Hinkley
San Jose, Calif.

The Grand Gesture

Your Essay "The Sad Truth About Big Spenders" [Dec. 8] gets me where it hurts. Most of us are your average Joes. We like grand gestures. Big spenders are our fantasies realized. Somewhere along the line they broke out of the mold and temporarily excelled. Now they can throw their money around. Just as we would, if we too made the big time.

P. Claire Calvert-Tait
Montreal

Your Essay on big spenders missed a key point. The rich of past eras—European aristocrats, Chinese emperors, American industrialists—at least in theory earned their positions by providing leadership to their societies.

It is not wealth that people resent. What inflames their passions is the irresponsible use of wealth and the decadence of the jet-set hedonists.

William R. Hawkins
Asheville, N.C.

Do-It-Yourself Law

One wonders about the good accomplished by these manuals for so-called do-it-yourself lawyers [Dec. 8]. Instead of saving legal costs, they often end by generating far more attorneys' fees—because real lawyers have to straighten out relatively routine matters that have become mired by well-intentioned laymen.

David W. Knight
Norman, Okla.

It is not so much being a lawyer that counts as knowing the law. Any lay person willing to take enough time and buy enough books can eventually learn. But a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Claude Y. Paquin
Marietta, Ga.

Where do lawyers get off sneering at the competence of laymen? Lawyers' competence is too often reserved for wheeling, dealing and flimflam rather than law and justice. People should not be merely fair game for the legal profession to prey on.

Dale Hagedorn
Nutter Fort, W. Va.

Man of the Year?

I nominate Leonid Brezhnev for Man of the Year. He could be Man of the Decade. Hasn't one of the main criteria for being a U.S. President, the most powerful job on earth, been whether he can confront Brezhnev eyeball to eyeball?

C.P. Belliappa
Coorg, India

If we don't honor the freedom-fighting Afghan *mujahidin* soon, there won't be any left alive.

Ojars Kalnins
Chicago

Anwar Sadat, the only leader who has guts, grit, integrity and intelligence.

Alfred Wendell Reasor
Washington, D.C.

Zimbabwe's Robert Mugabe for Man of the Year. He bridged the gap between black extremists on his left and white extremists on his right, while retaining free enterprise and democracy as the dominant political system in Zimbabwe.

Kenneth F. Dunn
Chicago

Canada's Terry Fox, for his run across Canada on one healthy leg before being stricken a second time with cancer.

Edna and John Catley
Ottawa

Walter Cronkite?

Nader Mehravari
Ithaca, N.Y.

Thousands of laid-off auto workers.

Neil A. Miller
Southfield, Mich.

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For just $15 a month you can become a sponsor. Your 50¢ a day will help to give a child nourishing meals, decent clothing, medical care, the chance to go to school, or whatever is needed most.

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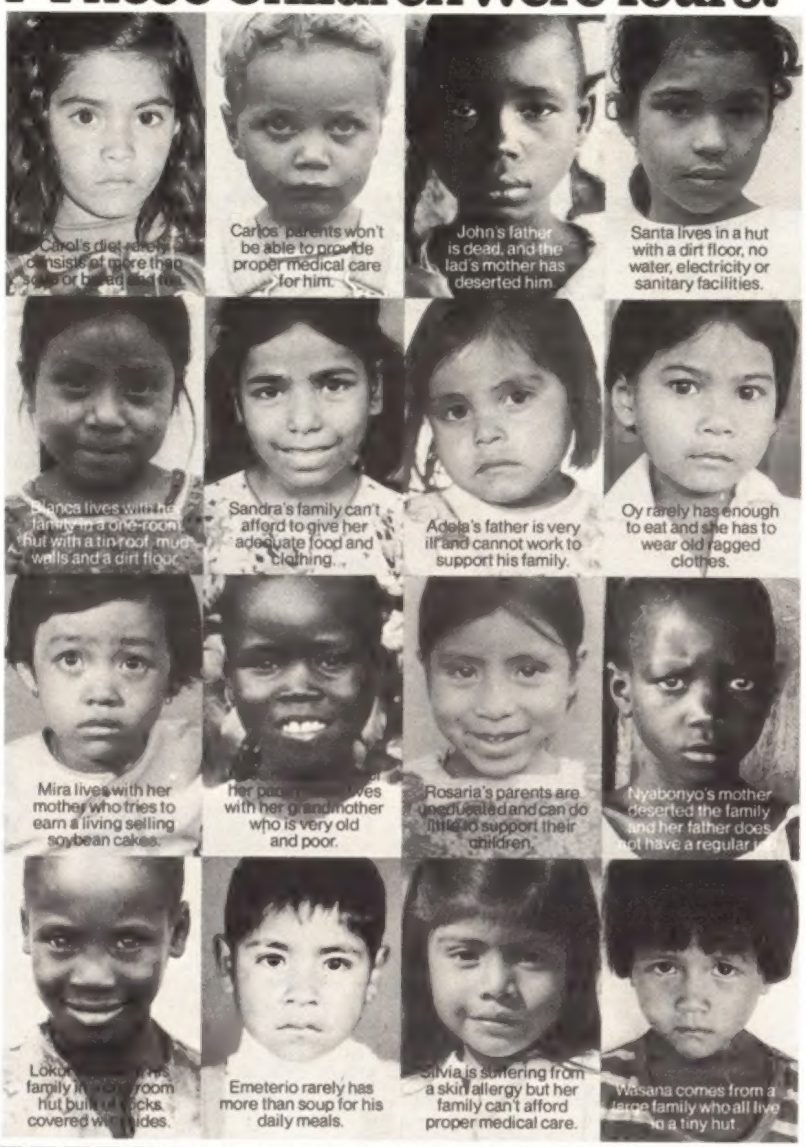
We'll tell you about how the child will be helped and explain how you can write and receive letters in return. There's no language barrier because the field office in your sponsored child's country will translate all correspondence.

Please send in the coupon today. Find out more about Christian Children's Fund and the child who is waiting for your love.

If one of these children really were yours, wouldn't you want that child to have the chance for a healthier, happier life?



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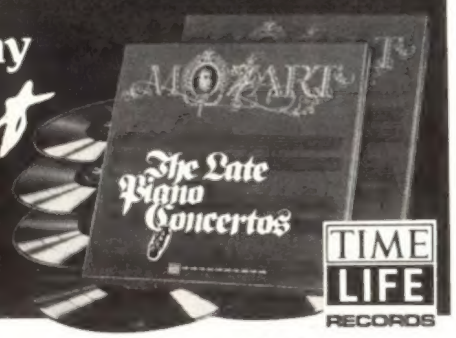

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STEVE HANSEN

A chorus of schoolchildren sings *Silent Night* to herald the lighting of a 55-ft. spruce in Boston's Prudential Center

American Scene

Joyful Christmas Sounds and Sites

WILLIAM A. TOOK

It is a time of lights, yes, but also of sounds—sounds that flood in to reassure and delight. Outdoors, bells ringing in church steeples and in the hands of Volunteers of America Santas, organ music at skating rinks, the slash of sharp blades on crisp ice. At home, crackling fires and, if it has snowed, the stamping of feet as friends come in from the cold. Much later, out of the silent indoor darkness, the unmistakable soft tinkle and pop when an ornament falls off the tree. Above all, there is the joyous sound of people singing. Across the nation this week, hymns and carols fill the air with promise, renewing the covenants of peace and fellowship once more.

On a bitter, wind-swept night, crowds gathered in Boston to see the city's Christmas tree lighted. Then, as a glow enveloped the 55-ft. spruce, Boston Pops Conductor John Williams led a choir of 500 boys and girls from local schools in *Silent Night* as 10,000 Bostonians sang along. In Chicago 2,300 amateurs filled Orchestra Hall to overflowing for the city's fifth annual sing-it-yourself production of Handel's *Messiah*. Jeane Moore, a Montana housewife, flew 1,600 miles from Kalispell just to sing in Chicago after seeing the concert last year on television. Said Conductor Margaret Hillis to an earnest cast, as

Red-clad choir and tree in Rockefeller Center. Below, Christmas service in California's Crystal Cathedral

CRAIG CARLSON

BRACK—BLACK STAR

Backed by the glow of the White House, the lone lighted star tops the national tree

STEVE LEONARD

Sing-it-yourself *Messiah* in Chicago

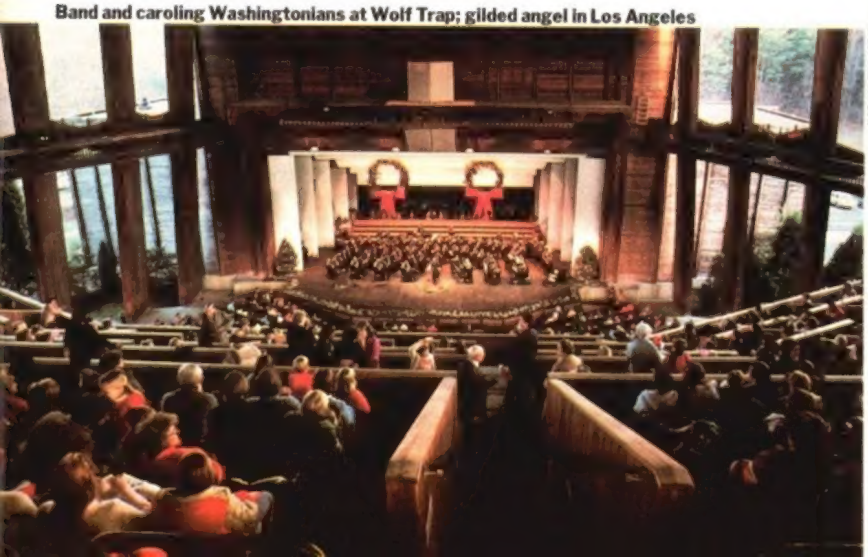
an all-volunteer, 100-piece orchestra (aged twelve to 74) tuned up: "Handel would be delighted." *And suddenly, there was with the angel a multitude.* In New York City, Pop Singer Toni Tennille joined the La Guardia Community College choir and throngs of shoppers in *O Come All Ye Faithful* and *Jingle Bells* when the 65-ft. Norway spruce was lighted in Rockefeller Center. Meanwhile, in California nearly 4,000 members of the Reform Church of America at Garden Grove's fancy new million-dollar Crystal Cathedral heard Roger Williams play *Deck the Halls* in a special service to be televised for Christmas Day.

Not all of the voices were raised in song. There were gasps of wonder as visitors to the California Museum of Science in Los Angeles came upon a cluster of eight fantastic gilded angels, each 28 ft. tall and cunningly wrought out of glass, steel, bits of tapestry and even animal bones. The angels, created by Sculptor Tony Duquette and illuminated by hundreds of flickering votive candles, helped commemorate the 200th anniversary of the City of Angels.

In Washington, President Carter asked the families of the American hostages whether they wanted the national tree lighted this year, and they chose to keep it dark once again as a continuing vigil—except for a single star on the top.

And there were some sighs of surprise. The citizens of Bradner, Ohio, could hardly believe their eyes when they opened their utility bills from the board of public affairs. All were stamped MERRY CHRISTMAS! PAID. Explained Board Chairman Dick Fairbanks, thinking perhaps of three other government officials who bore gifts to Bethlehem during the same season long ago: "We were running a surplus, and this just seemed like a good idea." It was. ■

Band and caroling Washingtonians at Wolf Trap; gilded angel in Los Angeles



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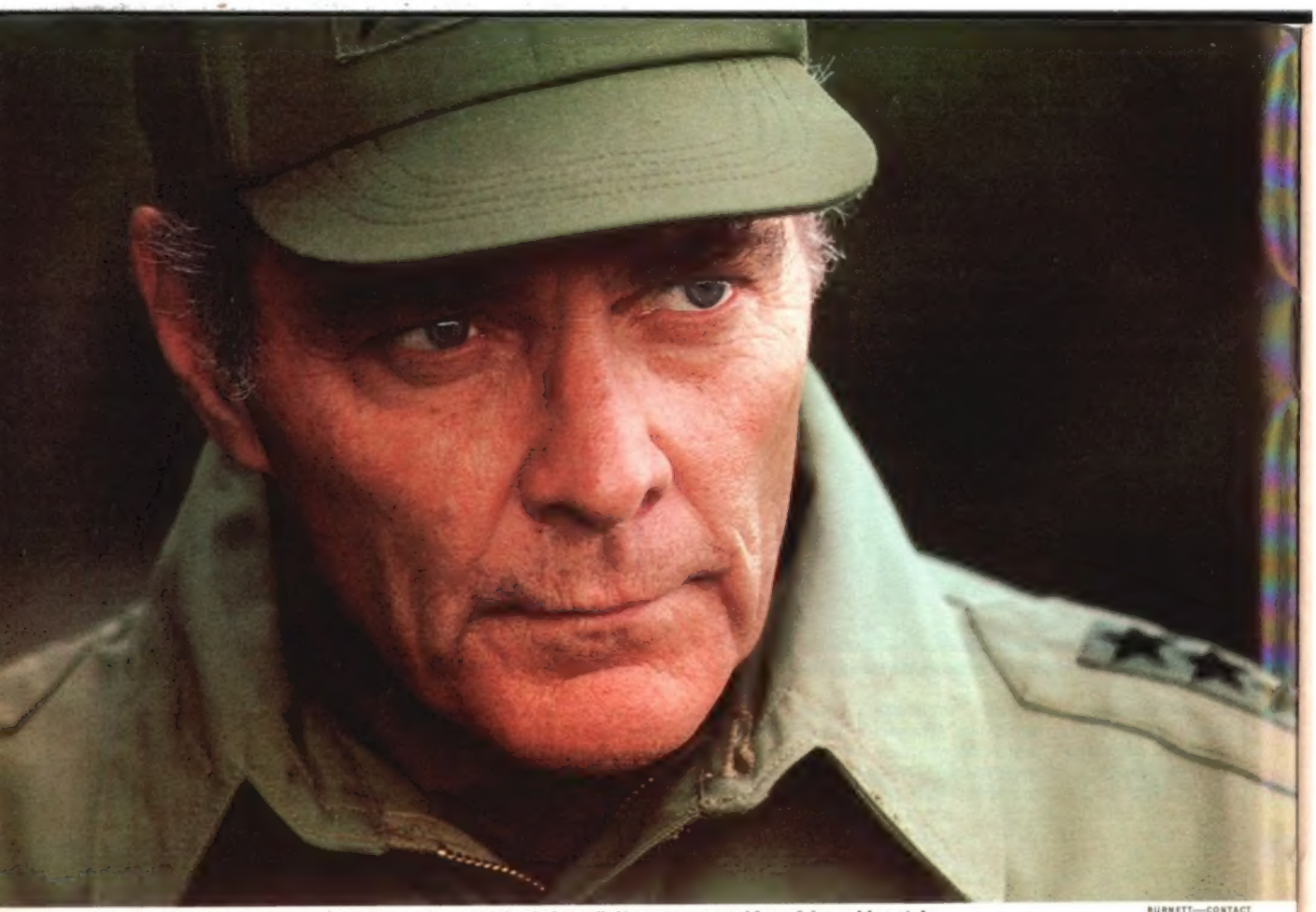
PIERRE KOPP



The Secretary-designate at a NATO exercise: a quick mind, prodigious memory and forceful speaking style

BURNETT—CONTACT

TIME/DECEMBER 29, 1980

Reagan Sticks with Haig

Despite Democrats' objections, he taps the ex-general for Secretary of State

Acting as if he did not have a care in the world, Ronald Reagan might have been just another wealthy, leisured Californian doing his routine chores last week. He visited his tailor, barber and butcher, where he picked up two shopping bags of veal and beef from his private meat locker in the town of Thousand Oaks. To some 50 people who turned out to greet him, he remarked: "You mean to tell me a farmer doing his work is of this much interest?"

Reagan seemed remote indeed from the bustle of Washington, where his harried staff was trying to assemble a Cabinet. Reagan's aides announced the most crucial and controversial appointment to date: General Alexander Meigs Haig Jr., 56, as Secretary of State. They also named Raymond James Donovan, 50, a New Jersey construction executive as Reagan's nominee for Secretary of Labor. In addition, they were preparing a crash economic plan that Reagan is considering submitting to Congress within three weeks of his Inauguration; at a minimum, the program will put a freeze on federal hiring and cut spending sharply.

Reagan's spokesmen insisted that the President-elect was very much in command even if not on the spot. He was keeping in touch by phone and making decisions. He announced one trip before the Inauguration: to Mexico to visit President López Portillo in early January. Beyond that, he had little to say. Explained his chief aide, Edwin Meese: "This is not a time in which you profitably make news. You don't want to lock yourself into policy positions prematurely."

Reagan still has five Cabinet posts to fill. One prospective appointment provoking a ruckus is that of James Watt as Secretary of the Interior. A Denver attorney, Watt is leading a fight to open up more federal wilderness land to mining and oil drilling in Colorado and Wyoming. Reagan said in Watt's defense last week: "I think he's an environmentalist himself, as I think I am. He is fighting environmental extremists."

What about women and blacks in the Cabinet? "Don't keep score," warned

Reagan, "until the whole thing is in." Jeane Kirkpatrick, professor of political science at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, is considered to be the front runner for U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. The leading candidate for the Energy Department is a man who wants to preside over its liquidation: James Burrows Edwards, an oral surgeon and former South Carolina Governor, who asks: "What good has the department really done? It hasn't generated one calorie, not one B.T.U. of energy. Does it make sense to spend tax money for this?"

Of all the Cabinet appointees, Haig is expected to run into the most flak from Democrats, largely over his sometimes ambiguous role as White House Chief of Staff during the final embattled months of the Nixon presidency. He will also be closely questioned about his views of the world, which the New York *Times* thought so little known that it labeled him "vague Haig." But Reagan has always been high on Haig, and when the Democrats promised to challenge the appointment, he figured he had no alternative but to stand and fight. Said Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, an adviser to Reagan: "We felt that we shouldn't be intimidated by the confirmation process. We should send out some positive signals to the country and to the world." Both Presidents Ford and Nixon had pressed for Haig's appointment. So had Kissinger, who said of his onetime aide: "There is only one question to be considered: Is this man morally and intellectually qualified for the job? The answer is overwhelmingly yes."

The appointment was generally applauded overseas. Said a senior British diplomat: "Haig was Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington's first choice. He is in our view a highly intelligent, clear-headed and able man." Added a top-ranking foreign policy adviser in Bonn: "He is extremely well equipped for the job, and for us, it is especially gratifying that he knows well every important European personality." About the only dissent came, not surprisingly, from Moscow. An official with a worried expression groused: "This won't help us improve things." Muttered another: "Not good."

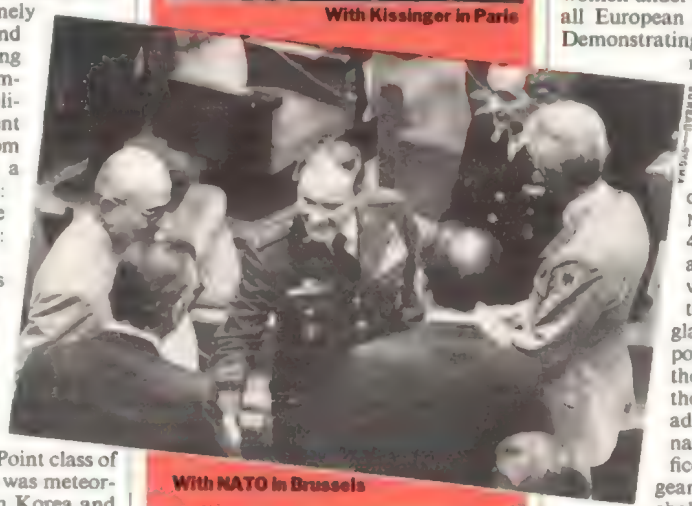
Haig has all the pluses and minuses of what is called a "political general," a man equally at home in the military and in politics. Brought up on Philadelphia's Main Line and fatherless since ten, Haig graduated 214th in his West Point class of 310. But after that his career was meteoric. Though he saw combat in Korea and Viet Nam and was decorated for heroism, he made his biggest mark at various war colleges and in staff jobs, where he showed a knack for handling people and grappling with the fine points of geopolitics. Kissinger, then Nixon's National Security Adviser, chose Haig for his staff and came to value him as his most trusted aide. Critics say Haig became much too loyal when, on Kissinger's orders, he requested the FBI to put taps on the phones of 14 Government officials and three reporters to try to discover how secret information was leaking to the press. Nixon later told Watergate investigators: "I authorized the entire program." For his services, Haig was jumped over 250 senior officers to become a four-star general.

In South Viet Nam

After Nixon was forced to fire his top White House aides, he turned to Haig for the loyalty and competence he needed at a time when he was practically immobilized by Watergate. As White House Chief of Staff, Haig presided over the sinking Government with considerable grace and good humor and, though a military man, he was much less authoritarian than his predecessors. While many Democrats resented his role in trying to preserve Nixon's presidency, Leon Jaworski, then special prosecutor, now completely exonerates him of any wrongdoing. Haig helped maintain staff morale and ensure that essential business was done in Nixon's last days; he helped to ease Nixon out of office and prepare the transition to Ford.

With Kissinger in Paris

Ford appointed him NATO commander, an ideal post for displaying his political, diplomatic and military talents. Haig was initially greeted with skepticism. "When I went to the White House," he told European audiences, "the critics said: 'My God, that man is much too military for such a political job.' When I came to NATO, they said I'm too political for such a military job." As it turned out, he was superbly right for the job, as the men and women under his command and virtually all European leaders now acknowledge. Demonstrating a quick mind, a prodigious memory and a forceful speaking style, he soon won over his detractors.



With NATO in Brussels

Voraciously absorbing news, Haig could give hourlong speeches without consulting notes. At one NATO meeting, he spoke for 45 minutes, then waited for all the questions to be asked while an aide scribbled them down. Not even glancing at the notes and pointedly dropping them on the floor, Haig replied to all the queries from memory and addressed each questioner by name. With his own staff officers, he would play top sergeant, staring them in the eyes, challenging them to think

while drumming an index finger on his desk top. But when a NATO ambassador arrived, he assumed different body language, slouching in an overstuffed chair, communicating casually. He went out of his way to mingle with enlisted men, and after lunching on C rations in the field, he would change into a black tie for a diplomatic dinner without breaking stride. Says an officer who worked for him: "It constantly amazed me how he shifted gears."

By skillful military management, Haig forged the various NATO members into a more cohesive fighting unit. He conducted more realistic maneuvers, with tanks and trucks squeezing through narrow village streets instead of rolling along the autobahns. Units were ordered to engage in simulated combat with no advance warning—a genuine test of readiness. Says one of Haig's top commanders: "He revitalized NATO." A British army general agrees: "As Supreme Commander, he was both impressive and persuasive. When Al Haig fixes those eyes on you and urges you to do this or that, there is virtually no way to refuse him without feeling you've let him down badly. He's no hip-shooting cold warrior, either, but a tough realist, better than Vance or Muskie in dealing with the Soviets."

Al Haig, the baggage carrier

Haig won the gratitude of the French by openly praising their independent nuclear force and supporting their African policies. He played a key role in providing U.S. transport planes to carry French paratroopers to Zaïre to put down a rebellion supported by Cubans in Angola. At first there was some coolness between Haig and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. But that soon evaporated.

While at NATO, Haig became increasingly disenchanted with what he considered to be the overly accommodating policies of the Carter Administration toward the Soviet Union. In Haig's view, this simply encouraged the Soviets to embark on further expansion. He publicly objected to Carter's decision to cancel the neutron bomb. Rebuffing Democratic pressure to relieve Haig, Carter appointed him to a second two-year term. But in 1979, Haig began to take seriously all the European promptings to run for President and resigned from NATO to join the political fray.

On returning to the U.S., he was named president of one of the nation's largest conglomerates, United Technologies Corp., and settled in Farmington, Conn., with his wife Patricia. But he was sidelined by a coronary bypass operation and had to shelve his political plans—not that he ever had much of a shot at the Republican nomination.

From all appearances, Haig should get along as well with Reagan as he did with Nixon. Like Reagan, he is alarmed at the rapid Soviet arms buildup and Soviet expansion in the Third World, though some critics worry about Haig's knowledge of and flexibility toward the Third World generally. He has always had misgivings about SALT II and now opposes the treaty for putting limitations on U.S. cruise missiles but not on Soviet SS-20 missiles and Backfire bombers. Says a member of the National Security Council who served with Haig: "He isn't a visceral opponent of negotiations with the Soviets, but he is skeptical about them, and he believes that you can't get very far unless you're negotiating from a position of strength."

But Haig may diverge from his boss on some key issues. Highly praised by both the Israelis and the Egyptians, he is likely to want to pursue a more even-handed Middle Eastern policy than Reagan, whose campaign rhetoric suggested that he is a down-the-line supporter of current Israeli policies. Says a former NSC colleague: "I think Haig would try to follow the Kissinger attitude that he can have it both ways in the Middle East—a close Israeli relationship while cultivating the Arab world at the same time." As a participant in the opening to China under the Nixon Administration, Haig can be expected to promote closer ties to China, but he would proceed cautiously in order not to increase Soviet fears about a Sino-American encirclement.

Haig would be the first military man to serve as Secretary of State since George Marshall. There is not much fear of having a "man on horseback" in the post, but there are nagging doubts about a man who may have ridden all too many horses. The chief charge against Haig is opportunism, that he is more devoted to power than to principle. A onetime NSC member says that he detects "signs of a certain vainglory. There is more hard work and dedication and method that go to his claim of competence than there is vision." But Lincoln Bloomfield, a political scientist at M.I.T. who worked in the State Department for twelve years, welcomes Haig for his ability to "handle State's insanely complex system and to break up bureaucratic paralysis."

The reaction at State to Haig, in fact, is generally favorable; he is perceived as a tough boss who will stick up for his department. Says a senior analyst: "If he lives up to his billing, Haig ought to get this place jumping again. The department needs an energetic taskmaster." Somewhat less certain is Haig's ability to work with two other top officials who may be involved in the carrying out, if not the formulation, of the Administration's foreign policies. One is Caspar Weinberger, Reagan's choice as Secretary of Defense. Says a senior federal official who knows both of them well: "Weinberger is close to Reagan in a way that Haig never can be. But Haig is a professional in national security in a way that Weinberger never can be." Another potential adversary is Richard Allen, who is Reagan's expected choice as National Security Adviser, a function that the President-elect has promised will not become a rival to the Secretary of State. Indeed, Allen favored a less dominating personality at State, like William Casey, whom Reagan tapped as CIA director. In Haig, says a transition aide, Allen faces a "hell of an infighter. If he wants to, Haig will have Allen for lunch."

Barring the discovery of some "smoking gun" on the still secret Nixon tapes that the Democrats have requested from the National Archives, Haig is expected to be confirmed. He faces some rough questioning, but the Democrats are also wary of a backlash if they press Haig too hard. Says a Democrat who will be involved in the hearings: "Americans are sick of Watergate. The Democrats are running a risk."

At issue, really, is not Haig's performance during Watergate, but the qualities that he would bring to the job of Secretary of State and his views on foreign policy. At the very least, his record demonstrates that he would provide something that many Senators on both sides believe has been conspicuously lacking in American foreign policy in recent years: a firm grasp of the power realities between East and West. *—By Edwin Warner. Reported by Douglas Brew with Reagan and Don Sider/Washington*

Welcome to an Impossible Job

What experts think it takes to succeed at State

The Secretary of State must deal with more than 140 countries around the world. He must manage a sprawling 15,000-person bureaucracy. He must justify his policies to a Congress that lately has seemed ever more inclined to put strings on his freedom of action. And he must do all this in a world of instant communications that flash events in far-off nations onto American TV screens as full-blown crises, moments after they occur.

It may sound like an impossible job —and in fact only a handful of the men who have held it in modern times are widely regarded as having been outstandingly successful (among them: George Marshall, Dean Acheson and Henry Kissinger). Foreign policy experts in the U.S. and abroad are reluctant even to discuss the attributes of an "ideal" Secretary, contending that no such paragon could exist. But they do talk about the qualities needed to make a Secretary effective. The list is well worth the attention of Alexander Haig—and Ronald Reagan.

As most experts see it, a successful Secretary of State must:

▸ Win the confidence of his President. This seems obvious, but it is often overlooked, usually with unhappy results. A Secretary who cannot persuade his President to make him the chief recommender, articulator and executor of foreign policy will quickly be upstaged, most likely by the President's National Security Adviser. U.S. policy will seem—and too often be—confused, vacillating, subject to sudden flip-flops.

General George Marshall (1945)
"Get into each other's heads."

Ideally, says Kissinger, the Secretary should talk to the President every day, and the two should "get into each other's heads" so that there are no misunderstandings about what policy is and should be (Acheson boasted that he did exactly that with Harry Truman). The President, of course, must make the final decisions, and he will not always agree with his Secretary. Kissinger has this advice for a Secretary who is often overruled: "You should leave."

▸ Use the bureaucracy capably. The department's career officers will know much more about specific countries than the Secretary ever can; he must draw on their expertise and give them a sense that their advice is taken into account in formulating policy. But he cannot tolerate endless squabbling and wars of newspaper leaks among his subordinates; he must run a tight ship, as Cyrus Vance, for one, did not. On Reagan's transition team, there is already quarreling between members who favor an ultratough policy toward the

The General's Views

Though Alexander Haig's opinions on foreign policy are not widely known, he has expressed his thoughts emphatically in recent speeches and interviews on some of the main issues he will confront as Secretary of State:

On Relations with the Soviets. What we are observing is the consequence of 15 years of increased military spending by the Soviet leadership. Clearly, the task ahead for us is the management of Soviet power. We can no longer view every deleterious event that occurs in the context of Soviet duplicity. But we cannot refrain from challenging illegal, blatant Soviet intervention creating terror and blackmail in the Third World.

On Soviet Intentions. The next generation of Soviet leadership will inevitably be less conscious of the great Soviet sacrifices of World War II. It will be increasingly paranoid and more conscious of its power, while presiding over increasing failures within its own country. It will be threatened by centrifugal pressures in areas that are under Soviet hegemony. It may be tempted to strike out overseas to compensate for its troubles at home.

On Détente. It cannot be, and never has been, a substitute for strength and unity, but rather the fruit of that endeavor; to the degree that it loses that backdrop of strength, it loses its utility for our purposes. We must tell the Soviets that we shall not agree to any more arms control talks or to any more credit transfers and commercial operations as long as they violate international law.

On Western Europe. NATO will shortly find itself in an unprecedented predicament. After decades of virtually absolute security beneath the American nuclear umbrella, the members of this alliance will soon be inferior to the Warsaw Pact in many crucial areas of military power. NATO will have to find the will and the resources to limit the duration of this perilous inferiority, or risk being defeated from its own underbelly, the source of its raw materials. Free of bullying and insensitivity, Washington must inspire, urge and cajole other NATO nations to make the decisions that will be neither straightforward nor easy.

On Latin America. The U.S. must not condone the idea that justice rests exclusively in the hands of those who seek change by resorting to bloodshed, terrorism and so-called wars of liberation. I would have hoped that somewhat more visionary treatment could have been given to Nicaraguan Dictator Anastasio Somoza—and whatever warts he and his regime manifested—without decapitation.

On Human Rights. America must be in the vanguard of the search for social justice not only here at home but globally. We cannot seek, however, to create mirror images of the U.S. in every developing area throughout the world. It neither serves the purpose of social justice nor the vital interests of America to pursue policies under the rubric of human rights that have the practical consequence of driving authoritarian regimes, traditionally friendly to the West, into totalitarian models where they will remain in a state of permanent animosity to the American people and their interests.

On Military Power. The best way to approach military power is to conceive of it in its essential role as guarantor of diplomatic success. A nation whose military power is mediocre will inevitably see its influence and its diplomatic effectiveness seriously diminished. Only a credible balance of military power, linked to a vigorous foreign policy, can ensure peace and stability.

Soviet Union—ending all arms control negotiations, for example—and others who want a more moderate approach. Haig will have to find some way of dampening the dissension if the disputants wind up in second- and third-echelon jobs at State.

▸ Be persuasive in dealing with Congress. The independent legislators can hamstring foreign policy by voting detailed restrictions on its conduct. Haig himself wrote a few months ago in the *Washington Quarterly* that "Executive authority in dealing with other countries is diminished inevitably by the knowledge that our main lines of policy, our alliances, and our reputation for fidelity may be at the mercy of a constant struggle to establish a fleeting consensus" between the Administration and Congress. Richard Holbrooke, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, puts the point succinctly: "Congressional credibility is absolutely essential. A Secretary simply cannot work without it."

▸ Possess a sophisticated understanding of world trends. In the wry words of Stanley Hoffmann, professor of government at Harvard, the Secretary must appreciate "the foreignness of foreigners"—that is, he must understand that they do not think like Americans. W. Anthony Lake, outgoing chief of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, elaborates: "The Secretary must understand the extraordinary diversity of trends in the world, be able to listen to other nations in calculating our own tactics, then make sure that the U.S. leads the coalitions that are formed." No one without this ability will be likely to perform well what Acheson once defined as "the central task of a foreign office: to recognize emerging problems in time . . . and prepare to deal with them."

▸ Have a well-articulated world view, says Zbigniew Brzezinski, who as a professor and later Jimmy Carter's National Security Adviser dealt with four Secretaries of State: "The Secretary must have the ability to integrate very complex and varied trends into patterns worldwide so that the U.S. can have definite priorities and be able to define its objectives clearly." Other experts like Hoffmann feel that the Secretary must not become prisoner of a rigid view to which he tries to make every world event conform. But unless the foreign policy chief can relate events in one part of the world to those in another, and shape a strategy that pursues the same goals in all, he is likely to be trapped in a series of *ad hoc*, inconsistent responses to breaking crises.

Some students of policy add other desirable qualities. Says former Secretary of State William P. Rogers: "It's important that the man have sufficient experience and prestige internationally so that he is respected by our allies, so that they will listen to him. And it's vitally important that he understand the significance of military strength." ***By George J. Church. Reported by Christopher Ogden/Washington***

Nixon and Haig conferring in difficult White House days of 1973

The Watergate Role

Tough but ethical, or shabby and shady?

When Alexander Haig replaced H.R. ("Bob") Haldeman as President Nixon's Chief of Staff in May 1973, the Administration still had 14 months of torment ahead. At Haig's Senate confirmation hearings, Democrats probably will dwell on these questions about his shadowy backstage role during those days:

▸ Did Haig advise Nixon to lie? According to a transcript of a White House tape recording, Nixon told Haig, "We do know we have one problem: it's that damn conversation of March 21." That was when Presidential Counsel John Dean warned Nixon about "a cancer growing around the presidency." Nixon suggested that Dean's account of the conversation could be refuted by Haldeman: "Bob can handle it . . . Bob will say, 'I was there; the President said . . .'" Haig agreed: "That's exactly right." And, suggested Haig, "You just can't recall." But if Nixon did, in fact, remember, he would, of course, be lying.

▸ What was Haig's role in the Saturday Night Massacre? When Nixon wanted to fire Archibald Cox, the first Watergate special prosecutor, Haig joined in a scheme designed to force Cox either to agree to stop seeking more Nixon tapes or to resign. The plan involved having Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, 72, a respected but hard-of-hearing Senator, listen to certain key tapes and verify the accuracy of transcripts to be made by the White House and turned over to the Senate Watergate Committee instead of the tapes. Haig got Stennis and Watergate Committee Members Sam Ervin and Howard Baker to agree to the procedure, but without telling them that Cox had objected to it. When Cox protested publicly, he was fired, and Haig ordered his office sealed off by the FBI.

▸ Did Haig stall Jaworski? Cox's successor, Leon Jaworski, portrays Haig as a tough but ethical adversary in the ex-prosecutor's post-Watergate book, *The Right and the Power*, and now contends that Haig merely "had to do what Nixon told him to do and this is what he did." But former associates of Jaworski recall that his attitude was far different during the investigation. Insists one: "Jaworski used to rant and rave aplenty about Al Haig." When Jaworski threatened to protest publicly the White's House stalling over delivery of tapes, Haig pleaded for more time. Jaworski reluctantly agreed—and then Haig finally declared that the White House would not surrender more tapes on grounds of "national security." Says a Jaworski aide: "Leon went right through the roof." But Jaworski now says that if he had been in Haig's position, he would have behaved the same way.

▸ Why did Haig defend the validity of the tapes? Haig's original claims that there had been no tampering with the tapes was, at the least, overzealous. When the Washington *Post* reported that two of the tapes might have been re-recordings rather than originals, he charged that this was "blasphemous speculation." Later Haig told Jaworski, "I haven't the slightest doubt that the tapes were screwed with."

▸ Did Haig improperly ask Ford to pardon Nixon? Haig, in a meeting with Vice President Gerald Ford on Aug. 1, 1974, advised Ford that he would have the power to pardon Nixon for any Watergate crimes after Nixon left office. Both men say this was cited as merely one of several options open to Ford and that Haig did not urge it. Both also insist that no deal was struck under which Nixon would resign only if he were assured of getting a pardon from Ford. ■

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Who wants "Government out"

He was the seventh of twelve children born to a working-class family in gritty Bayonne, N.J. An orphan at 17, he began as a $48-a-week laborer. Now, he is the principal stockholder of the $50 million-a-year Schiavone Construction Co. in Secaucus, a "realization of the American dream," he says proudly. But Ronald Reagan's choice of Raymond James Donovan, 50, to be Secretary of Labor probably owes less to his business acumen than to his accomplishments as a political fund raiser. By Donovan's own account, he raised more than $600,000 for Reagan in the past 18 months, a feat that vaulted him over the heads of more veteran G.O.P. figures to the top of the New Jersey Reagan-Bush campaign committee.

Associates say that Donovan, who still has the muscular build of a construction worker, will bring two key skills to the 23,940-employee Labor Department: a strong managerial bent and a shrewd talent for negotiating. And loyalty, says a fellow New Jersey Republican: "You will always know what the President wants done because that's what Ray Donovan will be doing."

Surprisingly, Donovan's nomination seemed to please leaders in business and labor, as well as the unions' staunchest enemy, the National Right to Work Committee, which seeks to eliminate labor contracts that require union membership as a condition of employment. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the Teamsters Union had lobbied hard for another candidate for the job, former National Labor Relations Board Chairman Betty Southard Murphy, but leaders of both decided that Donovan was acceptable. A New Jersey union negotiator, who has observed Donovan's smooth dealings over the years with the Teamsters and other unions, praised him as "tough but fair."

Donovan apparently was among Reagan's earliest choices for his Cabinet, but announcement of the appointment was held up by the requirements of the Ethics in Government Act. While other appointees whose wealth consists of diverse holdings can satisfy the act by establishing so-called blind trusts, Donovan was forced to divest himself of his $22 million in Schiavone stock.

One of the wealthiest of Reagan's appointees so far, Donovan is also the most reclusive. As a young man, he considered becoming a priest. Instead, after graduating from New Orleans' Notre Dame Seminary in 1952, he returned to Bayonne to help support his younger brothers and sisters. He joined Schiavone Co. in 1959 as vice president in charge of labor relations and finance. Donovan is now executive vice president of the firm, which specializes in building bridges and tunnels. Donovan now lives with his wife and three children in a large colonial home in affluent Short Hills, N.J.

A Democrat in his youth, Donovan supported Reagan in 1976 but did not become a prominent campaign worker until June 1979, when he was asked to help raise funds. He persuaded Frank Sinatra to fly in for a Sunday night fund raiser at his country club. The result: $175,000 in contributions for Reagan—ten times more than expected.

The new Secretary will have to be equally resourceful at the Labor Department. Business groups will want him to rein in pesky regulatory agencies like the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. Unions will want him to resist those pressures and to quash the idea, popular among businessmen, of a lower minimum wage for youths. While declining to take a stand on such issues before his confirmation hearing, Donovan does say that he thinks reducing the Government's role in the economy is crucial. Says he: "We no longer have the best and the cheapest. We must get back to work in both the business and labor communities and get Government out." ■

Cabinet Nominee Raymond James Donovan

"We must get back to work."

The Endless Election

Puerto Rico's tardy winner

Romero Barceló

In a tiny park on the outskirts of San Juan's business district, ten people gathered under an almond tree for a weird rite. They laid out a coffin with a paper-and-rag doll inside and surrounded it with four large candles, slips of paper with numerals and percentages, and branches from a local plant called Cruz de Malta.

In overwhelmingly Catholic Puerto Rico, such a bizarre ceremony, with its overtones of voodoo, seemed somewhat out of place. In fact, its significance was as much political as religious. In a former pantyhose factory nearby, dozens of party representatives were conducting a painstaking ballot-by-ballot recount of all 1.6 million votes cast in the island's gubernatorial election. The race between Governor Carlos Romero Barceló and his main challenger, Rafael Hernández Colón, had been so close that some of the Governor's more zealous supporters concluded that a ceremonial appeal for divine intervention—with coffins containing opponents' effigies—might swing the recount his way.

Last week, after a six-week delay, Incumbent Romero was at last declared the winner. He received 47.2% of the votes to Hernández Colón's 47.1%—a margin of 3,503 ballots.

The hairbreadth victory, following a strident and violence-marred campaign, was a hollow one for Romero. He had enjoyed a 10- to 20-point lead in preelection polls and was hoping for a landslide. The charismatic, white-haired Governor, an advocate of immediate statehood for Puerto Rico, had campaigned on a pledge that he would call a 1981 plebiscite on that question if the electorate returned him to office with a decisive majority. He now feels voters made it clear that they will not be hurried into statehood. "I thought I was being pushed by the people," he said after election day. "Now I have to let the people tell me when it is time."

Romero and his New Progressive Party attribute the collapse of support to overconfidence among party faithful and to Romero's initial backing for the U.S. Government's plan to send Cuban and Haitian refugees to Fort Allen, a reopened military base in the southern part of the island. Even though no refugees have been transferred there, the plan angered many Puerto Ricans, and Romero hur-

riedly became a bitter critic of it.

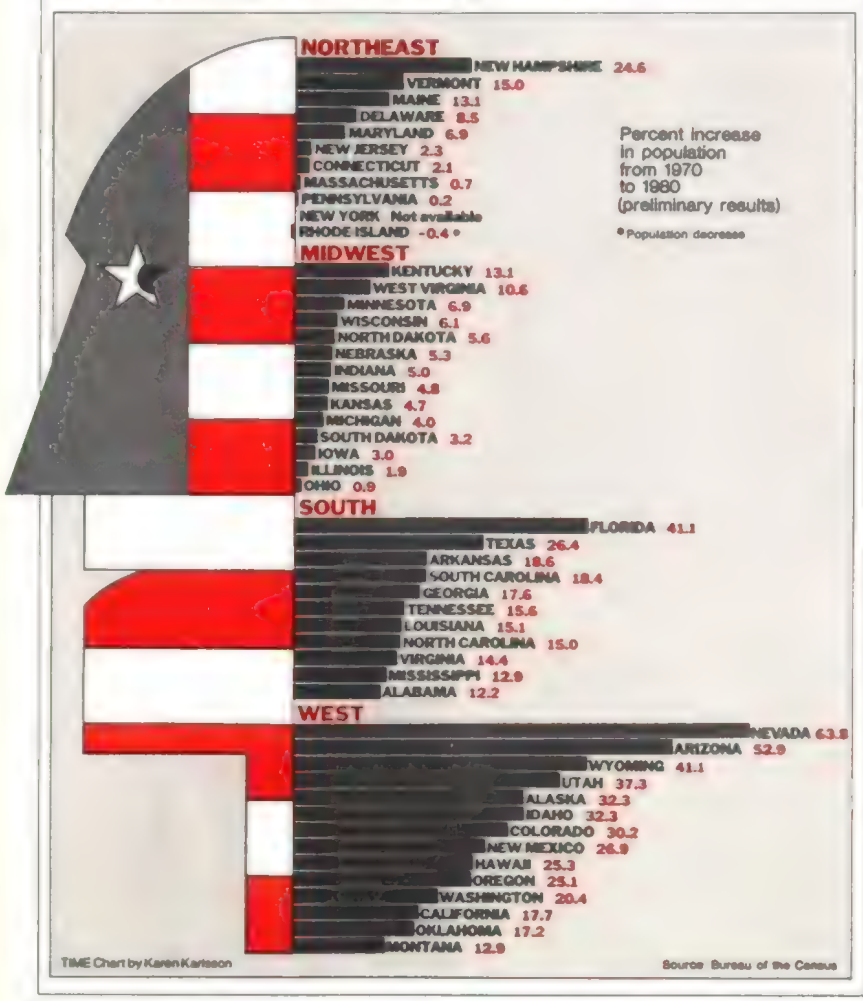
The Popular Democratic Party's Hernández Colón, who was Governor for four years before losing to Romero in 1976, campaigned aggressively against statehood, insisting that Puerto Ricans did not want to relinquish their 28-year-old commonwealth status. To guard against election fraud, he issued a "call to the trenches" for his followers. They became so stirred as initial results came in on election night that a large crowd marched on the Roberto Clemente Coliseum, where the ballots were counted. They threw rocks at police and at cars displaying the N.P.P.'s palm tree emblems and burned an effigy of Romero. Riot squads were needed to restore order.

To avoid a government stalemate during the next four years, the two parties will have to cool their passions and cooperate, since Romero faces a senate controlled by the opposition (15 to 12) and may have only a one-vote majority in the 51-member house of representatives. In a conciliatory move, Romero has offered to submit his cabinet for confirmation to the P.D.P.-controlled senate, though he is not required to do so. He has also appealed to leaders of all parties for restraint. ■

Where We Are

The 1980 census shows a shift

As certainly as the sun rises, Americans are moving from the North and Midwest to the South and West. Preliminary 1980 census figures released last week indicated a U.S. population of 226 million, up 11% over 1970. Most states in the North and Midwest had increases below the national average. The two regions will lose an estimated 16 seats to the West and South when the census is used to reapportion the 1982 Congress. If, that is, the troubled head count is ever finished. A fire in Brooklyn destroyed New York returns; a recount is under way. A federal judge in Detroit has ordered adjustments for alleged undercounts there. The Justice Department asked the Supreme Court last week to set aside the judge's order so that the 1980 census can be delivered to the President by Dec. 31, as required by law.



Bayou Bypass

The Louisiana connection

Some 150 years ago, Pirate Jean Lafitte found the Cajun country of the Louisiana Gulf Coast, with its network of swamps and its 6,000 miles of inland waterways, a congenial place to evade the law. Today a new group of lawbreakers has discovered its convenience: drug smugglers. Since October, more than 250 tons of marijuana have been confiscated in the New Orleans area, three times the amount taken in the entire previous year. Huge busts of 20, 30, 40 tons or more occur regularly, but authorities estimate they are intercepting only about 10% of the traffic.

Louisiana's gain, so to speak, has been Florida's loss. Since the Cuban refugee crisis, two-thirds of the U.S. Coast Guard fleet has been redeployed to patrol the Florida coast. In addition, smuggling has become more risky in Florida, where antidrug enforcement efforts have been stepped up and tough new laws against marijuana smuggling include minimum mandatory sentences of up to 15 years in jail.

The stepped-up Louisiana connection is similar to operations in Florida and along the Atlantic Coast: a large "mother ship" from Colombia, the source of about three-quarters of the marijuana entering the U.S., unloads its cargo into smaller vessels, which ferry the pot inland. The many unmanned offshore oil and gas wells in the area serve as excellent rendezvous points. Local fishing boats and the supply boats that serve the oil and gas drilling rigs off the coast are usually used for the ferry operation because they attract no undue attention. Pinched by rising fuel prices and foreign competition, and attracted by huge potential profits (top retail value of a ton of pot is $1.6 million), some of the local shrimp fishermen are entering the business, though it remains controlled by Latin Americans and Cuban Americans.

In October, authorities seized 80 tons of pot on a 100-ft. barge equipped with two conveyor belts for fast unloading. Last month the crew of a Coast Guard patrol craft received permission to fire on a fleeing supply boat, only the second time since Prohibition that the Coast Guard has shot at a U.S.-registered vessel in peacetime. Seized were 70 tons of marijuana; 16 Colombians were arrested.

As elsewhere, the smugglers are well organized and lavishly financed. "They are better equipped than we are," says Jack Redford of the federal Drug Enforcement Administration. "It's hard to beat the cash flow they have. When you rip off 75 tons and don't cripple the group financially, you begin to realize how much money there is in it." Redford and other officials expect the pot smuggling activity to continue increasing in the Gulf Coast area. He adds with a grin: "But we hope to pass it on to Texas." ■

The Boston transit system rolls despite differences between voters and the legislature

Trouble at the Tea Party

Massachusetts' Proposition 2½ is sparking a revolt of its own

It was billed as the biggest tax rebellion in Massachusetts since the Boston Tea Party. For years, residents paid property levies that were 70% higher than the national average. So, in the wake of California's Proposition 13, Bay State citizens placed their own tax-limitation initiative on November's ballot. Under Proposition 2½, property taxes would be limited to 2½% of actual market value, auto excise taxes would be reduced by 62%, and renters would be able to take a state tax deduction for half their yearly rent. Voters, fired with visions of immediate tax relief, overwhelmingly approved 2½. Now, however, it looks as though the tax was less troublesome than the ax.

A superior court judge has questioned the constitutionality of the proposition, and a boatload of other legal wrangles are looming. The first test began the very day that 2½ became law. The Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority (MBTA), which serves 300,000 Boston-area commuters, was broke and needed $41 million to remain in operation. After a 26-hour shutdown, the state legislature voted to provide emergency funding and finance $23.5 million of it, with $10 million to come from MBTA revenues and $7.5 million to be paid by the 79 cities and towns served by the transit system. But Proposition 2½ forbids state agencies to increase assessments on cities and towns by more than 4% over the previous year. The bill for the MBTA deficit pushed the increase to between 9% and 17%. Citizens for Limited Taxation, proponents of 2½, promptly pressured the legislature to rescind the rescue provisions, and is preparing a petition drive to eliminate future assessments.

Meanwhile, many of the 65 towns that voted against 2½ are demanding to be exempted from it. Cambridge, a Boston suburb where voters opposed the tax-slashing measure, is planning to introduce a home rule bill in the state legislature that would allow the city to override 2½. Otherwise, Cambridge officials estimate, they will have to cut more than $7 million from the school budget and possibly lay off 470 of the school system's 1,300 employees. "It is the most illogically conceived piece of legislation in this or any state," says Cambridge City Manager James Sullivan. Last week the wealthy Boston suburb of Brookline voted to join the home rule fight rather than cut $14 million from its budget.

Other towns are adjusting to 2½ with cutbacks that could anger voters. In Springfield, where citizens supported 2½, officials are letting 46 vacancies in the fire and police departments go unfilled. In Braintree, School Superintendent John Monbouquette has threatened to shut down five elementary schools and eliminate all sports below the high school level. In Boston, Mayor Kevin White estimates that the current city budget of $862 million will have to be trimmed by $79 million, which, he warns, means cuts of 25% for police and fire services, 50% for health and hospitals and 60% for parks and recreation.

White dramatically canceled Saturday burials at all three municipal cemeteries to eliminate $360 a week in employee overtime payments. Bostonians were understandably vexed. "The mandate of the voters was not to curtail essential services," protested City Councilman Raymond Flynn. "Among the obligations we have is burial of the dead." Last week city hall resumed the Saturday graveyard shift. But there was no question about what else the mayor would like to bury. Says City Councilman Patrick McDonough: "City hall is rubbing the electorate's nose in such outrages as the Saturday burial ban, hoping that this will make them back off 2½." ■

Fatter City

Cleveland makes a comeback

Two years ago Cleveland was a national joke. The combative antics of 32-year-old Mayor Dennis Kucinich had outraged nearly every segment of the population, and the citizens were trying to have him recalled. The president and five members of the city council were indicted for accepting bribes from carnival operators. The school board president was arrested for baring his bottom in public. Schools were closed because of a teachers' strike. Worst of all, the city was unable to pay $15.5 million in debt, becoming the first major city to default on its financial obligations since the 1930s

Cleveland is making a comeback. During the past year, convention business has flourished, school desegregation has proceeded peacefully, and a modest construction boom has begun. For the first time in years, the Cleveland Browns even had a shot at the Super Bowl. Most impressive of all, the city last month finally dug itself out of default.

Mayor Voinovich

The principal architect of Cleveland's renaissance is George Voinovich, 44, the Republican former Lieutenant Governor who defeated Kucinich in last year's mayoral election. Voinovich began by patching up relations with the Cleveland business community. He persuaded major firms to donate the services of their top auditors and executives for more than four months to analyze the city's books and management problems. By April, Cleveland had balanced its budget. Voinovich persuaded local banks to refinance $10.5 million in defaulted notes last month, and in effect to loan the city another $25.7 million —both at a fire-sale interest rate of 8¾%.

The crisis has not entirely passed. Cleveland must pay off $111 million in debts and has announced it will lay off 214 employees in January. "This city is like a house that's been neglected for twelve years," says Voinovich. Indeed, an aging storm sewer system regularly floods Cleveland basements. Swimming pools were closed last summer because the city could not afford to fix broken plumbing. Voinovich wants to raise revenues for such maintenance needs by increasing the city income tax from 1.5% to 2%. Last week, on the second anniversary of default, the city council voted to put that proposal, even though voters defeated it in November, back on the ballot in February. Says Voinovich: "I feel like one of those rocket ships that are ready to take off. We're on the pad, but we need some fuel." ■

Americana

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "ME BY SANDY HUFFAKER

Our Town

Navajo, Ariz. (pop. 24), has much to offer: history (it was Arizona's first territorial capital), location (on Interstate 40 just south of the huge Navajo Indian Reservation and east of the popular Painted Desert and Petrified Forest National Park) and profit ($100,000 a year from its motel, café, service station and general store). As a result, Navajo has six new owners: Don and Rita Schwinghamer of Phoenix, Don's cousin Frank Schwinghamer and his wife Ann, from Canada, and their close friends Len and Betty Siebert of Bellevue, Wash.

The group decided to bid for Navajo rather suddenly. Rita Schwinghamer saw a newspaper story announcing that the town would be sold at auction the following day by its owners, a family of local ranchers. "We thought it would be a good idea to buy," says Rita. They did not have time to visit Navajo, a 250-mile drive from Phoenix, but did look it up on a map. Their bid of $615,000 was the best submitted by eleven prospective buyers, including a Baltimore nightclub owner who wanted to turn the town into a haven for retired strippers.

The new owners have no immediate plans for the town, but are considering the possibility of incorporation. That would permit them to issue municipal bonds for financing, and to apply for federal revenue sharing.

Fallen Angel

When Opera Midwest burst onto the music scene two years ago with a glittering production of Verdi's *La Traviata*, the Evanston, Ill., company was regarded as something of a musical mystery. Its general manager and financial "angel," Stephen Griffeth, had been able to conjure up a first-season budget of $400,000, a stunning amount for a group of virtual unknowns. Its star soprano was Griffeth's wife, Myra Cordell, a Northwestern University voice graduate. The music director was a former security guard who had conducted a children's choir in West Germany. Even Griffeth, a $369-a-week credit manager for a Chicago company, seemed miscast as an impresario.

Griffeth maintained that the company's financial support came from anonymous donors. Other critically acclaimed productions followed with Cordell in starring roles, and plans were well along for a dazzling finale to the second season when Griffeth suddenly canceled the remaining performances.

In a Chicago courtroom two weeks ago, the onetime angel pleaded not guilty to charges that he had stolen $1.3 million from his employer over the past four years to support his wife's ambitions. It was one of Cook County's largest embezzlement cases, and it could be a tragic last act for a promising opera company.

Hail to the Dukes

Those dazzling Dukes from Dixon, Ill. —resplendent in their flowing purple and gold capes, purple cavalier hats with white plumes, and high-collared white and purple shirts—will step off in Ronald Reagan's Inaugural parade after all. For a while, however, it did not look good for the 58 musicians, 14 color guard members and 24 pom-pom persons from the President-elect's home-town high school band.

Encouraged to think an invitation was likely, Band Director Ken Kuebler and some of the band members had designed the new costumes to give the group a new image and "to look like the dukes of a couple centuries ago." The uniforms, which cost $17,000, were ordered right after the election and were to be delivered no later than mid-December. Then came the bad news: the Dukes had been rejected. It seemed that the 18 college and high school bands invited (out of 400 applicants) were larger than Dixon's and had more "outstanding" reputations.

As word of Dixon's disappointment got around Washington, Inaugural Band Coordinator Terry Chambers reconsidered his lineup and found room for at least one more band. Late last week the joyful Dukes got the word that, "as a special request from the President-elect," their show could go on. The capes and plumes also helped. Chambers acknowledged that a major reason for Dixon's invitation was that their outfits were not like any of the others.

The Egg and Eye

Colored contact lenses for chickens? Randall Wise, 32, and his associates in a Massachusetts firm called Animal Optics, Inc., are responsible for that ophthalmological advance. Wise had learned from his father, a California poultry farmer, that chickens with cataracts suffer reduced vision and also lose their tendency to peck one another to death, a lamentable chicken habit that can result in the destruction of up to 25% of a tightly penned flock. In fact, the elder Wise had experimented with distorting lenses to reproduce the effects of cataracts and discovered that transparent colored lenses worked just as well.

Randall Wise has in turn tried several colors, but finds that red is best, at least for the thousands of Leghorn hens he has personally fitted. Red lenses somehow not only diminish cannibalism but also reduce the quantity of food needed to produce a dozen eggs. "With contact lenses the chickens have less stress," he says. "They are calmer and easier to handle."

The ½-in.-diameter red lenses, now being made in test-market quantities, will cost about 20¢ a pair and last the laying life of the bird, about a year. Wise says the tranquilizing effect works not only for hens, but for turkeys, pheasants and even pigs. Not, however, for quail. Far from being calmed, they go berserk.

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COVER STORY

"We Want a Decent Life"

The dangerous struggle between workers and their party masters

For three hours the crowd swelled with new arrivals: miners from Silesia wearing their traditional long black coats and plumed *czaka*, railway workers from Lublin, bus drivers from Pulawy. Hundreds of thousands strong, they spilled out into side streets, waiting patiently in the early twilight while the tender strains of a Chopin piano concerto wafted from a loudspeaker. They had come to Gdansk to honor the memory of 45 workers killed by police and army bullets ten years before in riots along the Baltic coast. At long last a monument had been built: three slender trunks of steel crowned by crosses that bore dark anchors, like stylized Christ figures. To some, the 138-ft.-high sculpture outside the main gate of the Lenin Shipyard symbolized the futile workers' uprisings against Poland's governments in 1956, 1970 and 1976. To others, it recalled specifically the three workers gunned down there early one December morning in 1970. But most of all, last week's ceremonies represented the revolution of the moment: a danger-laden struggle between Poland's workers and their Communist masters.

BULKA/DE WILDENBERG—GAMMA/LIAISON

Lech Walesa visiting a monument honoring Polish troops who died in World War II

Shortly before 5 o'clock, the dignitaries were introduced. Poland's President Henryk Jablonski, a silver-haired figure in a black overcoat; a smattering of applause. Franciszek Cardinal Macharski of Cracow wearing crimson biretta and robes; hearty applause. Then Union Leader Lech Walesa, the improbable hero of last summer's strikes, bundled in his customary duffel coat; tumultuous applause. After a minute of silence, the city's church bells began to peal, and ship sirens wailed from the port, a keening cry that sent shivers through the crowd. The names of those who died at Gdansk and Gdynia in 1970 were read aloud, with the workers shouting back after each one: "Yes, he is still among us!" Walesa lit a memorial flame, which at once burned brightly despite a light drizzle. Said he: "This monument was erected for those who were killed, as an admonition to those in power. It embodies the right of human beings to their dignity, to order and to justice."

It was an extraordinary sight, this huge throng bathed in floodlights with the trifurcated sculpture reaching for the inky sky. But the occasion was even more extraordinary for its message. With the world anxiously looking on, representatives of union and church and state sat together on the podium, unified as Poles despite their differences, all hoping to change the face of Communism without bringing on Soviet intervention. "Our country needs internal peace," said Walesa. "I call on you to be prudent and reasonable."

Similar calls for restraint were heard at commemorative ceremonies last week in Gdynia and Szczecin, the other flash points of the 1970 revolts. The observances themselves could have been construed as a challenge to Moscow, but the Kremlin was apparently prepared to swallow them, for the sake of helping the Polish Communist Party reassert its authority. After weeks of roller-coaster crisis, leaders of the party and Solidarity, the foundation of Poland's independent unions, appear to have reached at least a temporary meeting of minds. One White House aide, delighted that the threat of an immediate Soviet invasion appears to have passed, declared last week in Washington: "Walesa has surpassed Wallenda in pulling off the biggest tightrope act in history." Nonetheless, Soviet divisions on the Polish frontier and in East Germany remained on top alert, ready to pounce if unrest flared—or if the Warsaw government of Party Boss Stanislaw Kania simply could not control the popular demand for more freedom and a better life.

Poland poses the gravest threat to the Soviet Union since it forcibly formed the East bloc after World War II. Indeed, events there have, in a sense, stripped the clothes right off the empire. Walesa and his colleagues in the Solidarity leadership know that they are, as it were, condemned to Communism; their basic goal is not to reject the system but to make it work better. Nonetheless, the workers' revolt shouts out Communism's economic and ideological failures and reminds the world that the glue of Soviet hegemony is force and intimidation, not shared purpose. Says Seweryn Bialer, head of Columbia University's Research Institute on International Change: "Previous challenges to Soviet control have come from above, from the leaders of satellite nations. The Polish challenge comes from below, from the workers, the only class of which the Soviet Union is afraid."

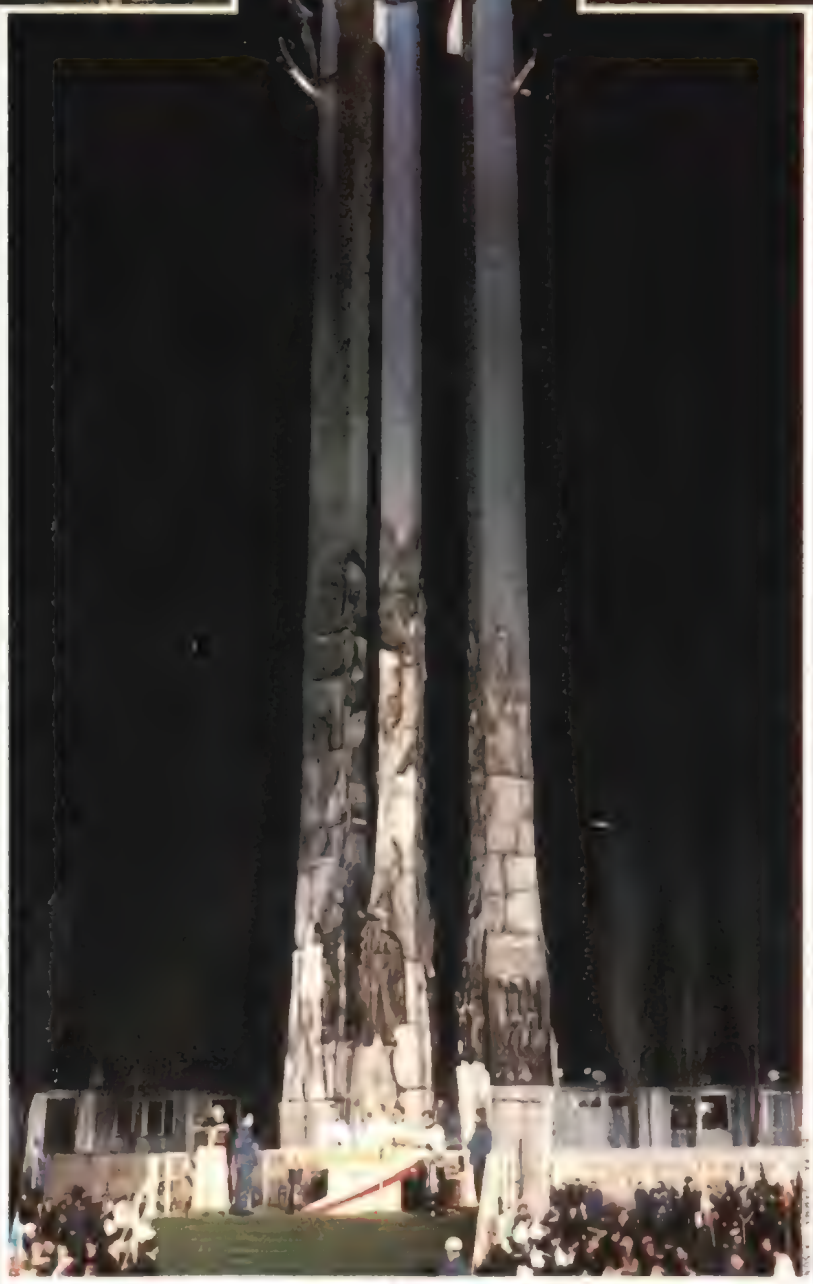
The formation of Poland's independent trade unions attacked the heart of Communist theology. As Adam Bromke, an expert on Eastern Europe at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont., writes in the current issue of *Foreign Policy*: "It undermines the legitimacy on which Communist power rests by refuting the claim of the Communist Party to be the sole authentic representative of the working class." Communist orthodoxy

predicates authoritarian rule: a bedrock belief of Marxism-Leninism is the absolute dictatorship of the proletariat, as represented by its vanguard, the Party. In practical terms, Moscow-style Communism also insists on rigid central planning; that kind of "command" economy is in trouble if it cannot command its own workers. For these reasons, the Soviets are nervous that the Polish disease will catch elsewhere in the East bloc and touch off worker demands for free unions and other liberalizations.

But first the Soviets want to get Poland back into a steady orbit. With 35 million people, Poland is by far the largest satellite, "the 'India' of the Soviet empire," in Bialer's words. It is also strategically vital, the buffer and transportation link between the Soviet Union and East Germany, where 19 Soviet divisions guard the bloc's western flank. The Gdansk agreement, which created the independent unions last Aug. 31, has kept the Soviets in a state of intense anxiety —and for good reason. Solidarity overnight became a third major power center in Poland, along with the party and the Roman Catholic Church. More than that, the union's audacious bargaining and uninhibited criticism of authorities have given Poles a whiff of pluralistic freedom. Even the long-somnolent Sejm (Parliament) has shown signs of life. Once content to endorse party directives meekly, deputies these days frequently abstain or cast negative votes—though not often enough to overturn the official line.

One conspicuous change has occurred in the press. While still censored, newspapers and magazines now print real news along with government propaganda. Says Zygmunt Szeliga, deputy editor of the weekly *Polityka* (circ. 285,000): "During the past few months, we have published all the articles that were confiscated by the censors over the past two years—well, maybe not all, maybe we've got two or three left." *Polityka*, which is edited by a member of the Central Committee, recently ran an unexpurgated interview with Walesa and other prominent members of Solidarity. Poles are a bit overwhelmed by this new freedom. Says a woman in Warsaw: "There's so much to read these days, I can't keep up with it."

It is not surprising that Poles, alone among East bloc peoples, are trying to shake up Communism. Rebellion is a dominant strain in Polish history, often against Russia and usually with catastrophic results. Russia helped partition Poland out of existence in the 18th century, and Polish uprisings were crushed by Catherine the Great in 1794, Nicholas I in 1831 and Alexander II in 1864. Poles accuse the Soviets of murdering 10,000 Polish officers in the Katyn Forest during World War II and of standing idly by while the Nazis brutally put down



Dedication of the workers' memorial in Gdansk; Walesa (inset left) and Party Boss Kania

After weeks of roller-coaster crisis, an emotional observance brought Poles closer together

Scenes from Warsaw: people lining up to buy food; searching for staples in a nearly barren supermarket; an elderly woman at Roman Catholic Mass;

a heroic uprising in Warsaw by Poland's underground Home Army. These bitter memories make the present subservience to Moscow even more humiliating

Rebellion is a natural outgrowth of the Polish character—ebullient, romantic, ready to defend national pride at the drop of a *kapelusz*, and ironic enough to look forward to a potent drink right afterward. Sums up a Polish woman: "We can only be compared with the Irish." A Western diplomat who has served in Poland puts it differently: "The Poles are a bunch of anarchists." That may be overstating matters, but it is true that the Poles bend less willingly to Soviet domination than any other satellite. The Catholic Church, which has nurtured the Polish spirit when outside powers have tried to extinguish it, commands their allegiance in a way that Moscow and the Polish Communist Party never could

A combination of factors, coalescing at an opportune moment, led to the Gdansk revolution. Among them: widespread discontent with unsatisfactory living conditions, relative freedom (in a Communist state, that is) for dissenting political activists, the presence of able political organizers waiting in the wings to assume leadership, and a population quite accustomed to rebelling against authority

By comparison with other East bloc nations, Polish life was seemingly not all that bad. The average wage ($200 a month) and per capita meat consumption (152 lbs. a year) were surpassed only in East Germany and Czechoslovakia. Private hard-currency bank accounts were legal, passports were relatively easy to obtain and the state provided the usual panoply of Communist benefits: guaranteed jobs, free medical care, factory-sponsored vacations. But this was not enough. Poles were tired of standing in endless lines: for meat, flour, sugar and other staples. They were tired of shoddy, overpriced goods, when they could buy the goods at all. They were tired of waiting eight to ten years for an apartment, and almost half that long for a car that cost 20 months' wages. As a striking worker put it last August, "We don't want to run the government. We just want a decent life."

Warsaw University Historian Zygmunt Hemmerling traces last summer's strikes back to the Stalinist model of forced industrialization that was imposed on Poland after World War II. Compounding the error, the government in 1971 moved to modernize Polish industry with heavy infusions of Western technology and capital. Former Party Boss Edward Gierek dreamed of a throbbing new industrial sector that would spew out exports for Western markets and earn hard currency to repay Poland's debt and raise its standard of living. The plan backfired in the mid-1970s when Poland, hampered by mismanagement, rising energy prices and a Western recession, could not sell its inferior products abroad

The legacy of this misadventure is a debt to the West of $23 billion; servicing that debt alone requires at least 80¢ out

Queues and More Queues

Poland's numbingly familiar queues were longer than usual last week as people tried to buy scarce delicacies for the year-end holidays. In every city, town and hamlet, citizens stood in line in hopes of getting a carp for the traditional Polish Christmas Eve dinner. When available, the fish cost $1.22 a pound. In downtown Warsaw, as a Dickensian gloom settled over the capital one evening, more than 70 people queued up before a seedy, barren-looking candy store in hopes of buying chocolates for their children. The shortages are worse than usual these days, because of hoarding inspired by Solidarity's strike threats last month. "People are buying three or four times what they need," complained a Warsaw housewife. The shortages, combined with panic buying, last week caused the government to introduce rationing of meat and butter. The endless lines, as always, are a source of a Polish staple—black humor. One recent joke: If the Russians invade, why will they send our economic planners to Siberia? Answer: To cause a snow shortage there.

Krzysztof Karasiewicz, 45, and his wife Maria, 40, are resigned to the frustrations of Polish life. He is a lathe operator and she is a machinist at the Ursus tractor factory, twelve miles outside Warsaw. Although both have joined Solidarity, they could not be regarded as dissidents or malcontents. Says Krzysztof: "One shouldn't complain too much. I enjoy my work." Maria points out that a decade ago they were far worse off, living in a single attic room that they had obtained only by agreeing to care for their elderly landlady. Since then, Maria has gone to work to supplement the family income, which now totals 15,000 zloty a month ($500). The factory helped them get a three-room apartment on Ursus' Keniga Street, a ten-minute bus ride from the factory; the flat is barely adequate for the couple and their 18-year-old daughter, but it costs only 382 zloty a month ($12.73).

The Karasiewiczes' overriding concern is food, which consumes 50% of their income and much of their time. The plant in Ursus helps out. It furnishes employees with a hearty breakfast each day (fruit juice, soup or goulash, sausage, bread, coffee, tea or milk), and gives them coupons redeemable at the factory for 3.2 lbs. of meat per worker each month for about two-thirds of what it costs, when available, at the butcher shops. But when Maria gets off work after an eight-hour day finishing steel tractor parts, she must stand in the interminable queues at the neighborhood supermarket. Half an hour alone is wasted waiting in line for the obligatory shopping basket she must use for purchases. Always poorly stocked, the su-

the production line at the Ursus tractor factory outside the city; Polish soldiers parade near the War Memorial

of every export dollar Poland earns. Earlier this month, the Soviets helped out with $1.1 billion in hard-currency credits and $200 million in commodities. Poland is still shopping for $8 billion worth of new loans and credits in the U.S., Western Europe and Japan. Chances are that Poland will have to reschedule some of its debt—a humiliating prospect for a country that bills itself as the world's eleventh largest industrial power.

The Polish economy, in the words of a Western diplomat, is a "result-oriented system which unfortunately does not produce results." Rigid central planning destroys local initiative and leads to costly waste. One concrete example: at least 30% of Poland's total cement production is "lost" through careless handling and theft. Trainloads of raw materials disappear for months at a time, often bringing factories to a standstill. Says a scornful party member: "The workers sit at their machines three days a week and play cards, because there is nothing for them to do."

Finance Minister Marian Krzak disclosed last week that Poland will run a budget deficit next year for the first time in the Communist era. National revenue will grow only about 1%, he predicted, while state spending will rise by 22%. The Polish economy is still reeling from the labor unrest that caused an estimated loss of $2.3 billion between July and September. The construction industry fulfilled only 37% of its goal during the first three quarters of 1980, meaning that it will have a shortfall of more than 80,000 units for the year. The production of coal, which generates 90% of Poland's electricity and a sizable portion of its export revenues, is about 7% behind projections. Almost one-quarter of the coal earmarked for export has been diverted to domestic use to make sure there is enough for heating and electricity this winter.

Agriculture has been a true disaster. The potato crop was the worst in 20 years, sugar beet output was 30% below this year's target and the grain harvest left Poland 8 million tons short of domestic needs. Faced with a serious fodder shortage, livestock breeders began distress slaughtering; hog and cattle stocks are not expected to rebound for several years. Meat production declined from 1979, perhaps by as much as 25%, forcing the government to cut back on exports of pork products and other foodstuffs, which in 1979 brought Poland $1.4 billion.

Poor weather, which has troubled Poland's farmers for six consecutive years, was partly to blame for the disappointing performance. But Poland's economic quirks again played a prominent role. Ludicrously low official price ceilings persuaded some farmers to reduce plantings and livestock, and others to keep their products off the state market. With Poland's northerly clime (Warsaw, in the center of the country, is at about the same latitude as Edmonton, Alta.) and short growing season, a farmer must work in al-

Krzysztof and Maria Karasiewicz in kitchen of their apartment

permarket has been virtually stripped bare during the holiday season; even eggs have become a rarity. Says Maria: "All we find now is tea and vinegar."

The Karasiewiczes' pleasures are necessarily simple. Because their work shifts start at 6 a.m., they go to bed early after watching TV; their favorite series are *Rich Man, Poor Man* and *Washington Behind Closed Doors*, with Polish voice-overs. Krzysztof, who has never traveled outside Poland, says: "If I had a choice of vacations I'd go to the U.S., but it's so expensive I don't even dream about it." Though the Ursus factory provides vacation centers for its workers along the Baltic Sea or in Poland's lake district, the Karasiewiczes prefer to spend their 3½ weeks of vacation tending a 3,200-sq.-ft. plot of land, ten minutes away from their apartment, which they received free as factory workers. Says Krzysztof: "We can plant vegetables and flowers, and there is a small hut on the land where we can rest."

The Karasiewiczes' daughter Bozena speaks English and some Russian; she aspires to become a tourist guide after graduating from a business college that specializes in hotel management. Says Maria: "We hope our daughter will have a better life, because she's educated—not just a worker like us." Bozena, who has a steady boyfriend, may be in line for an apartment of her own. Her parents put her on the waiting list of the municipal housing authority when she was eleven, hoping that she would get an apartment when she turned 21.

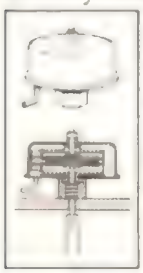
When the Karasiewiczes were asked what they desired the most, Krzysztof replied: "I hope things will be better; we would like to live in peace, without lines at the stores, and with more free time." Said Maria: "I want butter, and meat —not a fur coat."

240D

The Mercedes-Benz 240 D: the $20,000* car that puts you not in the lap of luxury but in the hands of science.

Luxury trappings can't cut running costs or prolong car life or make driving safer. Technology can—as witness that 1 ½-ton mobile efficiency system, the 240 D.

The Mercedes-Benz 240 D is far more than the only $20,000* sedan to be rated at 29 EPA estimated mpg and 33 estimated highway mpg.† It is a moving network of science and technology, pursuing not only high fuel mileage but efficiency in every sense of the word.



For example, the 240 D's zero-excess four-cylinder diesel engine is meant to run efficiently at 5,000 feet above sea level or at five. Mercedes-Benz science gave it a *built-in barometric brain*, to adjust the fuel/air mixture to the altitude.

To save weight and minimize power and fuel loss, the engineers gave the 240 D a floor-mounted four-speed manual transmission, so efficiently designed that *Motor Trend* calls it "probably the smoothest stick shift in the world."

More efficient than your foot

An automatic cruise control device can make you a more efficient turnpike driver by holding 55 mph all day if needed—far more precisely than your throttle foot. No fuel-wasting ups and downs.

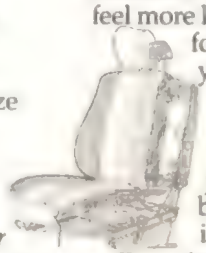
To the engineers of Mercedes-Benz, sloppy steering is inefficient. Spongy brakes are inefficient. A car that wallows and heaves over bumps and through curves is inefficient. Thus, the 240 D equips you with taut steering and fade-resistant four-wheel disc brakes and a fully independent suspension system meant to *cling* to the road surface, even when the surface is poor.

Efficient, inside and out

The 240 D's outer contours are aerodynamically efficient, shaped not to slam into the airstream but to slip through it. Note the car's subtle wedge shape.

You also enjoy the efficiency of *size*. The 240 D cradles five people and 12.57 cubic feet of luggage space within a package much less bulky than even today's downsized luxury diesels.

The goal of driver efficiency governs the design and layout of the 240 D's interior. The seats feel more like chairs than pillows,



for instance—bolstering your body with five separate layers of padding over steel springs. Before you is not a jukebox but a beautifully functional instrument panel.

Even the wood interior trim is efficient: sandwiched into it is a thin strip of aluminum, as a precaution against possible splintering in an impact.

The $6,000 surprise

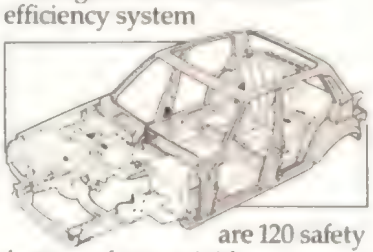
It is worth noting that this model of engineering intelligence is priced $6,000 lower than any other Mercedes-Benz sold in America.

Air conditioning and electric window lifts are available, at extra cost. So is an efficient automatic transmission with not three but four speeds.

Here is a final efficiency of this mobile efficiency system—its share in the Mercedes-Benz resale legacy. Recent figures show that Mercedes-Benz sedans, the 240 D included, have kept about *80 percent* of their original value at retail after the first three years.

120 safety features

Integrated into this mobile efficiency system



are 120 safety features, from a rigid passenger cell with impact-absorbing front and rear crumple zones to a built-in first aid kit. The 240 D's body and chassis are not separate elements held together by nuts and bolts, but a single unit, precision-welded at several thousand points to form a twist, squeak, and rattle-resistant structure.

The efficiency of experience

Mercedes-Benz introduced the automobile itself almost a century ago, the diesel automobile 45 years ago, and the 240 D seven years ago.

Experience, the great teacher. The 240 D, the proof. And efficiency, the result.

†EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

Engineered like no other car in the world

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry.

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most exact concert with seasonal changes. Unfortunately, supplies of fertilizer and spare parts are more unpredictable than nature. Says a Western agriculture expert in Warsaw: "The farmer is told, 'We'll have it for you in a month.' Too late." At one point in August, the party newspaper, *Trybuna Ludu*, reported that 15,000 tractors and 700 farm trucks were idled by a lack of parts and fuel.

Whether Poland can right its listing economy and pacify the Soviets depends on the outcome of a complicated power struggle involving the party, the unions and the church. There is one constant in this political calculus: the unions and the church tacitly agree that in some way the "leading role"of the Communist Party in Poland must be preserved. Repeated warnings from other East bloc ideologues and editorialists have made it clear that any undermining of the party would force Moscow to invoke the "Brezhnev Doctrine," first used as a rationale for the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia. Under this specious precept, the Soviet bloc is obliged to intervene whenever a member regime is threatened by "counterrevolutionary" forces. "Kania still has not been able to show clear proof that the party is reunited and able to exert authority," says a senior Bonn analyst. "Until that time comes, the risk of invasion will remain high."

MARI—L'OSSERVATORE ROMANO

Pope John Paul II embraces Cardinal Wyszynski in Rome

Active as a mediator, but looking after its own interests.

Kania, who ran the state security forces for nine years before replacing Gierek as First Secretary of the Communist Party on Sept. 6, has surprised Western analysts with his moderation and political acumen. In public, he is soft-spoken and low-keyed, despite his burly, bulldog looks. Kania has made the unions work hard for every concession, but for the most part he has avoided slashing rhetoric and underhanded tactics. His regime blundered during a dispute over Solidarity's charter, trying to sneak in a clause affirming the party's "leading role." But it beat a hasty retreat when the workers threatened retaliatory strikes. Says Andrzej Gwiazda, 45, a member of the Solidarity presidium: "There is a good impression of Kania right now."

Kania has moved aggressively to rid the party of officials who were corrupt, incompetent or tainted by past associations with the Gierek regime. Only four of the 14 voting members of the Politburo last August are still on the ruling council: Kania; Defense Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski, 57; Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, 56; and President Jablonski, 70. All but Jablonski have at least a passing association with *odnowa* (renewal) and Jablonski has something better —a farewell embrace from Pope John Paul II at the Cracow airport last year.

Most of the new members of the Politburo are considered economic reformers. Stefan Olszowski, 49, who was thought to be in line to succeed Gierek last summer, privately criticized food price increases that touched off the 1976 riots and later drew up a blueprint for economic change. Tadeusz Grabski, 51, a trained economist, was bounced from the Central Committee in 1979 for assailing Gierek's "misguided" economic policies. In domestic political matters, the refashioned Politburo is believed to be pragmatic, though its newest member, Mieczyslaw Moczar, 66, is a ruthless hard-liner. As Interior Minister in the late 1960s, a position that gave him control of the security forces, Moczar brutally suppressed student demonstrations and led an odious anti-Semitic campaign that drove thousands of Jews from Poland.

The purge of both Politburo and lower-level cadres testifies to the clout of Solidarity. From a ragtag bunch of shipyard workers and dissidents, it has grown into a labor leviathan, with an estimated 10 million members (out of 17.3 million employed) in 54 chapters around the country. When a strike loomed in Warsaw, no less than Deputy Prime Minister Jagielski offered to dispatch a government helicopter to Gdansk to pick up Lech Walesa. Solidarity has even acquired a modicum of official respectability. To raise funds, it has sponsored a benefit performance at the National Opera House and auctions at the National Gallery.

Solidarity is not a monolith, nor is it a creature of Walesa, though he is certainly its symbol and central force. Solidarity's 18-member leadership sprang directly from last summer's 21-day strike, and thus has a distinct Baltic coast flavor. Many are experienced labor activists who have been in trouble with the authorities before. One presidium member, Anna Walentynowicz, 51, was fired from her job as a crane operator a week before the Lenin Shipyard flare-up last August. "The immediate cause of the strike was to have me rehired," she says with a trace of wonder. "Nobody thought it would have the effect it had." Wojciech Gruszecki, 44, who has been advising Poland's private farmers, has a doctorate in chemical engineering. Says he: "At a certain age, every citizen should give something to his society and his nation." That age came early for Andrzej Kolodziej, who helped organize the walkout at the Gdynia shipyard. "They couldn't believe I was only 21 years old," he said last week. "I had to show them my identity card."

On the fourth and fifth floors of the seedy Morski Hotel in Gdansk, where Solidarity has its headquarters, there is unanimity on goals but little agreement on tactics. Indeed, listening to the leaders talk strategy, it seems remarkable that Walesa has managed to check Solidarity's innate militancy. Says Bogdan Lis, 28, the only union leader who belongs to the Communist Party: "None of us has trust or belief in those people [the authorities]. We consider them opponents." Alina Pienkowska, 28, a meek-looking nurse who is actually a firebrand, says the authorities have to prove that "the renewal of our life doesn't end with the personnel changes in the party." Most Solidarity leaders believe that the party needs to be shoved. Says Bogdan Borusewicz, 31, a professional activist: "There is no other way than to make threats."

In the afterglow of its August victory, the union negotiated by ultimatum: either give us what we want or we will strike. But the rank and file became more cautious late last month after the Warsaw local threatened a general strike over a series of political demands, some of which were aimed at the state security apparatus, the bedrock of Communist authority. Said Walesa then: "Let us not forget that tanks and rockets could also be the reply." On Dec. 5, Solidarity declared a six-week moratorium on strikes. It also toned down its rhetoric. When the government suspended screenings of *Workers 80*, a film about the strikes, the union raised only a mild protest. A month earlier, such censorship would have provoked a strike threat at the very least.

Solidarity may not be the determined band of radicals that Moscow imagines, but it is easy to see why the Soviets are wary of it. Terms like "democracy" and "pluralism" crop up frequently in Solidarity conversations. At an outdoor rally late last month, one woman demanded full

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[2]Social Security was never *intended* to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age, pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply ... *reduce benefits in general!*

[3]Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: Typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases, they can't write off anything.

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public disclosure of the Katyn Forest massacre, and another asked about rumors that a new mass grave had been found. Walesa tried to deflect these inflammatory questions, but his answer must have troubled the Kremlin even so: "We do have to have a settling of accounts. Right now we have to work on *odnowa*." Some Solidarity theoreticians, while conceding the party its "leading role," tend to define that role narrowly. Says Jacek Kuron, a dissident intellectual and senior adviser to the union: "It means the monopoly of power over the police forces, the army and foreign policy. All other matters must be open to negotiation with society."

Somewhat unexpectedly, Kuron and his group, the Committee for Social Self-Defense (KOR), have lately been a moderating influence on the unions. Admits Pienkowska: "Some of us are radicals, but it often happens that after talking with Mr. Kuron we change our minds." Under other circumstances, the dissidents would be targeted for harassment or arrest by Kania's government, which needs to prove its toughness to Moscow. But the alliance between workers and dissidents, even if temporary, gives the dissidents a kind of protective coloration. "We won't allow for any crackdown, particularly on KOR," Walesa told TIME. "They are our friends and they can always count on us."

Solidarity's strike moratorium could get a severe test next week, when the Polish Supreme Court is expected to decide whether private farmers can form an independent union. So far the authorities have resisted, arguing that the farmers are self-employed and thus cannot bargain as employees. The farmers contend that they are in effect state employees, since the government sets their prices. At a meeting last week, they warned of a possible strike if their union is not recognized. It was not a threat the authorities could take lightly, since private farmers own 75% of Poland's agricultural land and produce 80% of domestically grown food.

The fledgling union, known as Rural Solidarity, claims to represent 500,000 of the 3.2 million private farmers. Long bitter about government policies that favored less efficient collectives, the farmers are demanding equitable distribution of machinery and supplies to private owners, as well as increased government aid. They also want religious instruction in schools, preservation of traditional rural culture, and social benefits such as paid vacations, health insurance and pensions equal to those of industrial workers.

As Solidarity and the party jockey for position and power, Poland's Roman Catholic Church acts as mediator and cannily looks after its own interests. From the baptism of the Polish state's first ruler, Prince Mieszko I, in A.D. 966, the history of the nation has been tightly intertwined with that of the church. When Poland was partitioned off the map, the church be-

East Bloc: Illusions of Unity

At the Yalta conference in 1945, preparing for the final onslaught against Hitler's Germany, Roosevelt and Churchill gave tacit approval to the notion that Eastern Europe would be a Soviet "sphere of influence" after the defeat of their common enemy. It became more than that. By 1948 Bulgaria, Rumania, Poland, Albania, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary and Yugoslavia had acquired Communist governments, either by the force of Soviet arms or by political subversion.

Yugoslavia's Josip Broz Tito hurled the first challenge to East bloc unity; his country was ceremoniously expelled in 1948 from the Cominform, the Moscow-dominated alliance of Communist states, for pursuing an independent foreign policy. Thirteen years later, Albania effectively withdrew from the Warsaw Pact.

Geographic isolation, in part, helped protect both these mavericks from the Kremlin's wrath. Other rebellious East bloc nations were less fortunate. In 1953 the Soviet army moved into East Germany to crush a widening worker-led insurrection in support of political freedom and economic improvements. Three years later, there were popular uprisings against pro-Moscow regimes in both Poland and Hungary. The Kremlin let the Polish army put down the ri-

An uprising suppressed: disabled Soviet tank in Budapest (1956)

oting Poznan workers, who were demanding "bread and freedom." But the Soviets sent their own troops into Budapest in a brutal suppression that left at least 25,000 Hungarians dead and forced thousands more into exile.

Twelve years later, Moscow's muscle lashed out again. In 1968 Czechoslovakia's party leader, Alexander Dubček, was promoting a series of reforms that promised "socialism with a human face": a more flexible planned economy with touches of political pluralism. The Soviets countered by sending 200,000 Warsaw Pact troops into Prague under the guise of "fraternal assistance."

Today, even if the "Polish disease" does not immediately infect the other satellites, the Kremlin has reason to worry about the cohesiveness of its colonies. Since the end of the Stalin era, the countries have developed in differing and, for the Soviets, sometimes troubling ways, guided by their own historic and cultural traditions. Rumania, although it has one of the East bloc's most repressive regimes, has maintained a boldly independent foreign policy. Hungary, while hewing to the Soviet line on international affairs, is experimenting with quasi-capitalist practices in its socialist economy.

Meanwhile, the revolutionary fervor that existed in Eastern Europe after World War II has long since evaporated; it has been replaced by cynicism, opportunism and a sullen resentment of authority. With the possible exception of Rumania, other Warsaw Pact nations would be likely to assist the Soviets in an invasion of Poland. But the last illusions of East bloc cohesion would surely be shattered if the Poles fought back. In that case, says British Kremlinologist Edward Crankshaw, "the bogus fabric of the Warsaw Pact would be in tatters. The U.S.S.R. would be left a moral leper with a ruined 'grand alliance' and a crippling economic liability."

Party chieftains: Mieczyslaw Jagielski, Stefan Olszowski and Mieczyslaw Moczar

came the repository for the national culture and language. The church resisted the fascist occupiers during World War II and the Soviet repressors afterward. Small wonder, then, that 70% to 80% of the people in this officially atheistic country are practicing Catholics.

The church has acted as a stabilizing force throughout the postwar period, but never more than today. Poland's Primate, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, 79, who helped defuse discontent after the 1976 food riots, also tried to calm the workers last August. Since then he has discussed the continuing crisis with both Kania and Walesa. Two weeks ago, the church issued its strongest call yet for "internal peace," citing a "threat to the freedom and statehood of the fatherland." A church spokesman, the Rev. Alojzy Orszulik, later criticized the "noisy and irresponsible statements which have been made against our eastern neighbor," and singled out Jacek Kuron for censure.

TIME has learned that the church is driving a hard bargain behind the scenes in return for its cooperation. It has gained permission to build new seminaries in Koszalin and Szczecin and to enlarge the existing seminary in Gniezno. Refusing to grant building permits has been a favorite form of official harassment. The church now plans to ask the regime to relinquish its veto power over episcopal appointments. This has been a particularly embarrassing procedure for the church. On one occasion, the Communists vetoed 20 candidates before allowing the appointment of a "safe" archbishop of Wroclaw.

The Soviets have been watching every step in this *pas de trois*. Despite their elaborate military preparations—there are 55 Soviet divisions in easy striking distance of Poland—the Soviets would probably intervene only after exhausting all other options. Apart from reinforcing the primacy of the Communist Party, Moscow would have everything to lose by sending in troops. With their 210,000-man army and fierce patriotism, the Poles might prove to be a much more stubborn foe than the Czechoslovaks were in 1968. One Western military expert in Warsaw has been told by Polish veterans that supplies are being stockpiled for the resistance and that underground units have been formed within the Polish forces. A military move would shatter the remnants of détente, intensify the arms race and bring economic reprisals from the West. Moscow would have to endure embarrassing condemnations by the Communist parties of Italy and Spain, as well as by a large number of nonaligned nations.

Many Western officials now believe that the Soviets, if forced to step in militarily, could resort to "creeping intervention"—that is, sending in troops under the guise of joint maneuvers or a similar subterfuge. The rationale: the less military visibility, the less political fallout. An occupation by osmosis would present difficult questions for the West. A senior State Department official asks rhetorically, "When do you proclaim a Warsaw Pact maneuver to be an unacceptable military intervention?"

Most Poles do not believe an invasion is imminent. Says Gdansk Construction Worker Janusz Romanski, 56: "It's unthinkable, because they are engaged in Afghanistan. Besides, the Hungarians, Rumanians and Czechoslovaks are uncertain. They won't take the risks." Typically, Poles have transformed whatever anxieties they have about their situation into grim little jokes. Sample: They say that the Soviets, to show their fraternal feelings, are going to send 500,000 bottles of Georgian champagne to Poland for Christmas—each carried by a waiter.

The denouement hinges on whether Solidarity's leadership can keep the union on a moderate track. Despite the initial success of the strike moratorium, Walesa and Co. will have their hands full trying to control the rank and file this winter. At the Gdansk ceremony last week, Schoolteacher Grazyna Oleszek, 29, summed up the impatience: "Wide-reaching reforms are needed, and so far, they have not taken place, and the people are waiting for them." Rubbed raw by food and power shortages, the workers may become even more restive. Many unionists are convinced that the government is artificially creating food scarcities to intimidate the workers—and thus keep them on the job. Says a diplomat in Warsaw: "Solidarity is like a football team that has never lost a match. It still has not faced the economic realities, and if Poland gets through the next few weeks, those economic problems are going to be dominant."

But delicate political issues loom as well. Despite the easing of official censorship, the government has yet to give Solidarity its own newspaper, which was promised last summer. If the private farmers are denied legal status, Solidarity may be asked to call a sympathy strike or some other job action. To preserve its credibility, the union might have to agree. Distrust of the authorities, pandemic already, is bound to rise still higher as the pace of reform slows. Says Andrzej Gwiazda of the Solidarity presidium: "We have observed for some time that every sign of compromise and reason by us is seen as a sign of weakness and makes the authorities withdraw from the promises they have made."

Kania has pledged that the reforms made so far, including the creation of independent unions, are "irreversible." But how much more ground he can give is questionable, considering the ideological limits imposed by Moscow. Solidarity does not want to embarrass Kania, but it will keep the pressure on nevertheless. The workers view their mission as sacred, above the contingencies of party leadership or even Soviet troops. As Walesa eloquently put it at an outdoor rally in Jastrzebie in October: "Do not give in, for once you do give in, you will not rise back for a long time. Indeed, we cannot surrender, for those who will follow us will say, 'They were so close, and they failed.' History would not absolve us then." *—By Stephen Smith. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof and Barry Kalb/Warsaw*

Union activists: Jacek Kuron, Alina Pienkowska and Andrzej Gwiazda

"He Gave Us Hope"

In the modestly furnished living room of a Gdansk apartment, the little man with a flowing reddish-brown mustache chain-smokes Polish cigarettes as he chats with a group of visitors. His slender, brunette wife is in the kitchen preparing Sunday dinner as his six children, ranging in age from eleven years to four months, scamper about the flat. At one moment he glances briefly at a flickering TV screen, chuckles as Laurel and Hardy fall out of bed, then resumes his conversation.

Six months ago, Lech Walesa (pronounced Vah-*wen*-sah) was an unemployed electrician. Today, as leader of the Communist world's only independent labor union, he is one of the most powerful men in Poland, a folk hero not only to millions of his countrymen but to much of the world. His achievement all but defies description; in effect, he single-handed rallied his fellow workers to stand up against the will and the might of the Soviet Union.

Walesa looks ill-suited for such eminence. He is 5 ft. 7 in. tall and a trifle overweight. His face is an elfin caricature, the pale cheeks almost submerged under a wide mustache, the profile dominated by a prominent nose and an outthrust jaw. Yet he radiates an unmistakable air of authority, along with an infectious good humor. Working a crowd, he displays the charisma of a natural leader. Said a Gdansk woman worker after hearing him speak last week: "He is the right man at the right time. He was able to give us hope."

Walesa, 37, was born during the Nazi occupation in the village of Popow, between Warsaw and Gdansk, and attended a state vocational school in nearby Lipno. After his father died, Lech's mother married her brother-in-law, Stanislaw Walesa; she was later killed in an auto accident while visiting the U.S. The stepfather, a lumberman, now lives in Jersey City, N.J.

Walesa became a strike leader at the Lenin Shipyard during the 1970 food price riots. Fired for his attempts at labor organizing in 1976, he found work in a machine repair shop and helped found the underground Baltic Free Trade Unions Movement. He was sent as a delegate to the official union elections in 1979, but was outraged to find the local party secretary controlling the vote. "Why have I come here, to elect or to applaud?" he demanded. The answer: an unceremonious sacking.

But Walesa's fortunes changed astonishingly when he scaled the gate of Lenin Shipyard last Aug. 14 to seize the helm of an angry strike movement. He became the workers' natural choice to head the independent union that emerged from that historic confrontation. Looking back over his long struggles, he remarks: "They have been tough years, tough on my wife and children. But I couldn't give up."

Walesa is a devout Roman Catholic who rarely misses morning Mass. A wood-and-silver crucifix is prominently displayed wherever he speaks. On his left lapel he always wears a badge depicting the Black Madonna of Czestochowa, the revered symbol of Polish nationalism. He wrote a widely reproduced prayer that begins, "Virgin Mary, I come to you in the total modesty of my heart."

His unionizing mission has brought a few temporal rewards. He now draws a union salary of $333 a month —roughly equal to a shipyard worker's. He was able to trade his former two-room flat for a new six-room apartment in a suburban row of bristling concrete towers; his wardrobe has grown from one to five suits; friends keep him supplied with a seemingly endless stream of domestic and imported cigarettes. "You're going to get the way all the big bureaucrats get—mark my word," scolded a woman delegate at a recent union meeting. Walesa smiled and passed out Benson & Hedges cigarettes to the other delegates. As they started to light up, he asked mischievously: "How come they can smoke and I can't?"

Some observers detect in him a touch of demagogy and personal vanity. One photographer who has followed Walesa notes that he never passes a mirror without stopping to pat his hair into place. In interviews, he sometimes seems flippant to the point of arrogance. In private conversation, he has a marked fondness for first-person pronouns. In public appearances, however, he can exhibit flashes of deep humility. A crowd of miners in Jastrzebie last October asked Walesa who could teach them democracy. His answer: "Who? Not Lesio [a diminutive of Lech], for he is too small, too stupid. Yourselves. Everybody." Yet he can be remarkably high-handed when chairing union meetings, often interrupting speakers in mid-sentence and imposing his own views.

Walesa takes criticisms of his contradictory manner in stride. He sees himself as a peacemaker among Solidarity's moderate and radical factions. Says he: "My job is to unite them. I scale down the militants and raise up the mildest."

Intentionally vague about his political ideas, he claims to be a simple "union man." But his political goal seems to be an amalgam of Christian socialism and Polish nationalism. He has read Alexander Solzhenitsyn and shares his views of both Communist and capitalist shortcomings. "No system must make people forget that they are human beings," says Walesa. Then he adds enigmatically: "My own plans are far-reaching, but it is too early to reveal them now."

ROGUES—SYGMA

Walesa poses with his wife Miroslawa and their six children

ROGUES—SYGMA

Solidarity's leader spends a quiet moment in his Gdansk office

HOSTAGES

A Somber Holiday Vigil

Iran's "final answer" is "unreasonable"

"God willing, we shall soon no longer have the hostage issue." With those words, Iranian Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i aroused fresh sparks of hope last week that the 52 Americans in captivity might be freed. Just possibly, said Raja'i, it could happen as early as "the feast, or the birthday, or whatever they call it."

For a brief time, U.S. officials hardened by months of false signals from Iran dared to believe that the hostages might

Iranian President Banisadr

An overriding issue in the power struggle.

be home for Christmas. The optimism ebbed when Iran's latest bargaining statement, labeled a "final answer" by Iranian leaders, arrived in Washington early Friday, the 412th day of the hostage ordeal. The message was "unreasonable," said Secretary of State Edmund S. Muskie, because it "would require us to do things which we cannot do legally." It also, he added, made it very difficult to resolve the matter before the inauguration.

The final answer, according to government sources in Tehran, contained three principal demands:

▸ That the U.S. make certain unspecified "modifications" in its pledge not to interfere in Iranian affairs, a pledge that President Carter and Muskie have both repeated on several occasions.

▸ That the U.S. make a "guaranteed deposit" in the Algerian Central Bank. Then, said the Iranians, "whatever amount of the Shah's wealth is cleared up we will take from that deposit." The Iranians also spoke of "procedures" to locate and secure the Shah's estate.

▸ That the U.S. also deposit the "gold and confiscated wealth" of Iran (a reference to the $13 billion in Iranian assets now frozen in U.S. banks) with the Algerian bank.

The two demands for guarantees of money in the amount of $23 billion presented the most difficulties, according to senior U.S. officials. For example, it was unclear what portion of the frozen $13 billion must be transferred to an escrow account in the Algerian Central Bank as a guarantee of good faith. Some $7 billion of those assets is subject to litigation by American companies that had contracts in Iran before the revolution. U.S. officials had hoped Iran would understand that Carter does not have legal authority to expatriate those funds. The implication was that the demand exceeded the amount Carter might legally deliver.

Despite the disappointment, the Administration found reason for some encouragement in the week's events. Along with Raja'i, Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini himself seemed ready to resolve the dilemma. The Ayatullah personally approved Iran's answer before it was transmitted to the U.S. by Algerian intermediaries. Muskie speculated that Khomeini's involvement signaled a "new phase" in the negotiations. Another hopeful sign seemed to lie in the fact that the Iranians were no longer talking in terms of a possible phased release of their captives, a notion the U.S. has flatly rejected.

No one was more guarded about the hostages' fate than the President. At the annual ceremony to light the Christmas tree on the Ellipse behind the White House, Carter bowed to a request by the hostages' families: except for a bright star of hope at the top, he left the 24-ft. spruce dark as a somber "vigil of remembrance." Said Carter: "Our American hostages have not yet come home. But most of our prayers have been answered. They have stayed in touch with their families. So far as we know, they are safe, and their lives have been spared."

There could no longer be much doubt that the Iranians were anxious to be rid of their American prisoners. In a brief Tehran radio interview Wednesday, Prime Minister Raja'i said of the hostage question, "It is a dead issue now. It has no more political value." He was only admitting the obvious. For Iranians, it is the war with Iraq that has become the overriding issue in the power struggle between the right-wing clergy and moderate President Abolhassan Banisadr. To the clergymen's dismay, Banisadr has emerged as a popular hero. As commander-in-chief of the armed forces, he has received much of the credit for Iran's surprising resistance in the war.

To compete with him, the conservative mullahs and their Islamic Republic Party feel that they must demonstrate an ability to improve relations with foreign governments, an obviously difficult task so long as the hostages remain in Iran. Ironically, no one sounded more eager to send the Americans home last week than I.R.P. Leader Ayatullah Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, who had previously been instrumental in prolonging the crisis. Said Beheshti: "The U.S. has to a large extent met our demands. There is now no basic catch in reaching a final solution."

U.S. Secretary of State Muskie

A "new phase" in the negotiations.

Some observers believed Raja'i and the mullahs are now positioning themselves to appease public opinion at home. If the hostages are released, the clergy's biggest problem will be to portray any compromise made with the U.S. as an unqualified victory for Iran. That could explain why Raja'i seemed to mix sugar-coated language with a bit of bile. He declared that once Iran's new message was in American hands, "the U.S. can decide how and when it wishes to take out its spies." The remark was interpreted as yet another threat that Tehran still had it in its power to try the hostages on espionage charges.

At week's end the hostages' whereabouts were still secret and their fate uncertain. Diplomats in the State Department's Hostage Task Force were intent on pursuing a quiet, parallel set of negotiations: to arrange religious services for the hostages' second forlorn Christmas Day. *—By Edward E. Scharff. Reported by Roberto Suro/Washington*

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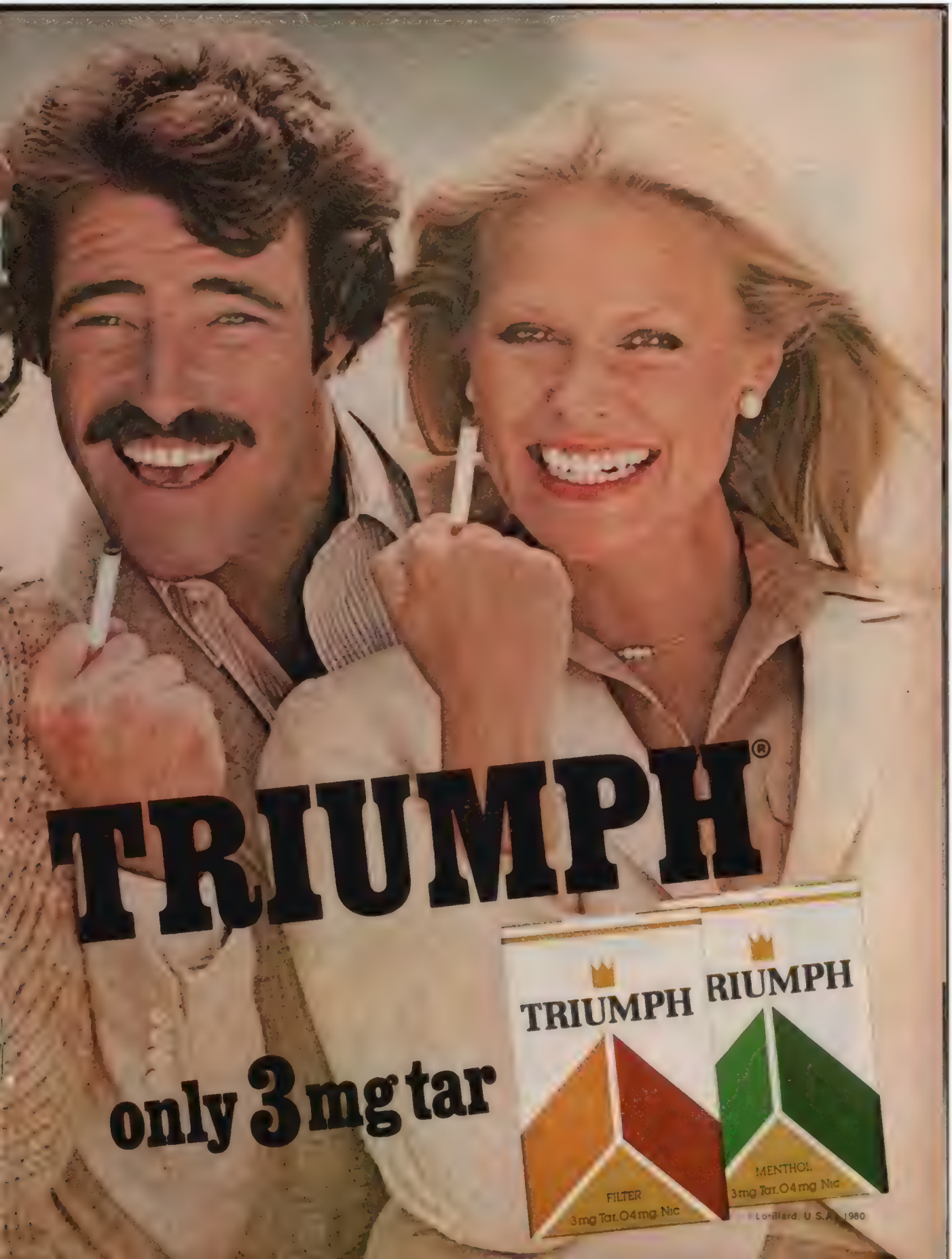
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PETER JORDAN

With ID passbooks in hand, Ciskei tribespeople queue up at a polling station

SOUTH AFRICA

Voting for Puppethood

A homelands plan under attack, even from Afrikaners

For the downtrodden descendants of the ancient Xhosa tribe, it was an unfamiliar and perhaps unfathomable exercise. At countryside polling places in Ciskei, a Delaware-size tribal territory on the southeast coast of South Africa, women in bright bandannas and beads danced and sang the words *Enkululele kweni* (Go forward to independence). Since many of the voters could neither read nor write, election officials, under the close scrutiny of local police, showed them how to mark their ballots. The outcome was never really in doubt: by a lopsided vote of 295,891 in favor and only 1,642 against, the tribesmen chose to break away from South Africa and establish their own Republic of Ciskei.

In much of the rest of the world, the election was denounced as a sham engineered by South Africa. The chairman of the United Nations Special Committee against Apartheid, Akporode Clark, scoffingly dismissed Ciskei's independence as "a pernicious project." Clark called it another step to perpetuate "white domination in most of South Africa while relegating the African people to client states that can be no more than dumping grounds for the aged and infirm."

Ciskei's vote for freedom is part of South Africa's grand strategy, begun almost 30 years ago, to segregate its 23 million blacks into ten autonomous homelands scattered across the country. Although blacks make up more than 80% of South Africa's population, the territories set aside for them occupy only about 15% of the land. Moreover, the lines have been carefully drawn to leave most of South Africa's industrial areas and its diamond and gold mines in the hands of the 4.5 million whites. The three homelands that have already declared their "independence"—Transkei, BophuthaTswana and Venda—are still wards of Pretoria, dependent on South Africa for more than two-thirds of their income.

Ciskei is an even less likely candidate for self-reliance. Its barren, eroded soil supports few crops or even trees. The pastoral people subsist on beans, maize, goats and a few dairy cattle. A drought last summer was so severe that it took $9.28 million in emergency aid from Pretoria to avert mass starvation. Though the territory is already densely populated, the government, under a "resettlement" program, sends in truckloads of unwanted blacks from urban areas. Once in Ciskei, many of the new arrivals live in stark tent towns with no schools, shops or running water.

In February a seven-member international commission, including some prominent Afrikaners, recommended against autonomy because Ciskei was too poor to stand on its own. Undeterred, Ciskei Chief Minister Lennox Sebe launched a propaganda campaign urging his people to vote for freedom. Critics charged that Sebe had become a puppet of South Africa interested mainly in enhancing his own power. Responded one of Sebe's ministers: "We are not just a group of blacks in South Africa. We are a nation. As blacks in South Africa, we have no rights. We are just pigs."

For Pretoria, the Ciskei vote was a way of trying to show that the whole homelands strategy was worth salvaging, despite a barrage of doubts about it even by the Afrikaner establishment. For months South African editorials have decried the lack of progress toward making the black territories self-sufficient. Said the pro-government Johannesburg *Citizen:* "It doesn't take a genius to know that homeland development has failed."

Prime Minister P.W. Botha has publicly admitted the economic failures in the new black states, and he has apparently given up the notion that the homelands can soon be made truly independent. Consequently, the government is drawing up plans for eight "economic development areas" along the borders between South Africa and the homelands. Pretoria has already established a $133 million fund to foster small businesses in these zones. On paper at least, homeland officials are to share in the decisions that will determine the speed and direction of development.

For all his efforts to make even a modified homelands scheme palatable to blacks, Botha still faces determined opposition from a formidable black spokesman: Gatsha Buthelezi, the leader of 5.5 million Zulus, who form South Africa's largest ethnic bloc. Their territory, called KwaZulu, consists of 29 land fragments in a region otherwise reserved for whites. Says Buthelezi: "KwaZulu will never seek independence of the kind offered by Pretoria. The homelands policy is futile and meaningless. We will opt to remain South Africans and gain the right to participate in the government of this country."

Buthelezi argues that the homelands can never thrive because, for one thing, most of their best-educated young people will always aspire to live and work in affluent urban centers of white South Africa. While he hopes to see a broad, peacefully negotiated pact that will bring blacks into the South African power structure, he is not optimistic. The violence that has scarred urban ghettos like Soweto, he believes, could spread to the homelands. "There is that much tension in South Africa," warns the chief. "My people are impatient." ***—By Charles Alexander. Reported by Marsh Clark/Ciskei***

UGANDA

Nation in Ruins

Obote's task: unity from chaos

When Apollo Milton Obote, 56, was sworn in for a second term as President of Uganda last week, he gained an unusual opportunity for an African leader: a second chance to rule his country. It was Dictator Idi Amin Dada who had ousted him in a military coup nine years ago. The challenge facing Obote is immense. Uganda, once known as the "pearl of Africa" for its productive agriculture, fine schools and superbly equipped hospitals, is today a nation in ruins. Nairobi Bureau Chief Jack White reports:

It was an all too typical night of terror in the capital city. As Radio Uganda broadcast the news that Obote's Uganda People's Congress had won a majority in the new 126-seat parliament, the air was filled with the crackle of machine guns and the dull thud of exploding grenades. At the Speke Hotel, headquarters of the 60-member Commonwealth observer team that had monitored the voting, diplomats dove under the dining room tables. Asked why roaming, drunken soldiers were shooting up the city, a young private replied: "Because we are rejoicing." It was chilling to contemplate what the trigger-happy troops would have done if they had been angered by the results of Uganda's first election in 18 years.

There had never been much doubt about the outcome. During the three-month campaign, the ruling military commission headed by Paolo Muwanga gave Obote's well-endowed party every advantage over its impoverished rival, the Catholic-dominated Democratic Party. Droves of government Land-Rovers distributed Obote's red, black and blue campaign posters. Government-controlled newspapers gave Obote a virtual monopoly on coverage. Concluded a spokesman for the Commonwealth observer team: "The whole thing stinks."

Election-related turmoil in the towns paled next to some of the bloodshed that has ravaged the countryside. In September about 1,000 exiled former members of Idi Amin's army re-entered West Nile province and killed several hundred Ugandan soldiers in hit-and-run attacks. Ugandan reinforcements, and several thousand of the Tanzanian troops who have remained in Uganda since overthrowing Amin 20 months ago, counterattacked. In the clashes, more than 2,000 civilians were butchered. As many as 300,000 others fled into neighboring Zaïre and Sudan. A desperately needed crop of sorghum is now rotting in the fields simply because there is no one left to harvest it.

Already, thousands of people in the parched northeastern region of Karamoja have starved to death. Says Melissa Wells, head of the U.N. development program in Uganda: "Famine is looming in West Nile as well." There are severe food shortages even in Kampala, where the average wage is only $67 a month. A bunch of bananas, a staple, sells for $27. Beer is $20 a bottle.

The ravages of malnutrition and Kampala's almost nightly bouts of gunfire are made worse by the wreck of Mulago Hospital, once the finest in East Africa. In the wards, naked patients lie quivering on blood-stained mattresses or the filth-covered floors. The hospital frequently has no running water and stocks of drugs—known as "nurse's gold" because they so often wind up on the black market—are exhausted.

Obote has pledged that "the pearl of Africa will rise and shine again." He says he has abandoned his strictly socialist former doctrines. He has promised "moderate policies for the rehabilitation of the economy," including incentives for foreign investment. But no such moves will help if he cannot rebuild a spirit of cooperation among the demoralized Ugandans.

Soldiers celebrating Obote's victory

The post-election crackle of machine guns.

It seems unlikely, however, that the Democratic Party will accept the new President's offer to form a bipartisan coalition of "national unity." One reason: D.P. Leader Paul Ssemogerere, 48, was once imprisoned by Obote. Disruptive opposition could spell disaster. Says one envoy based in Uganda: "If Obote runs into a lot of trouble, he probably will revert to type." That would mean going back to the days when Obote suspended the constitution, clapped thousands of opponents in jail without trial and ruled in such a high-handed way the people originally danced in the streets when Amin ousted him in 1971. ■

CHAD

One for Gaddafi

Libya's invasion stops a war

For nine months, the sputtering civil war in the Central African nation of Chad had been conducted with little enthusiasm. The two brigade-size guerrilla groups—one led by President Goukouni Oueddei, the other by insurgent Defense Minister Hissène Habré—had reached a virtual stalemate in their listless battle for control of the impoverished, landlocked country of 4.5 million. Fighting mainly over the capital of N'Djamena on the Chari River, the two miniarmies regularly exchanged artillery duels, and then, just as regularly, stopped shooting for lunch, tea and dinner breaks.

Outside forces, however, were more aggressively interested in the outcome. Oueddei was actively backed by his neighbor to the north, Libya's Muammar Gaddafi, who had previously seized a swatch of disputed borderland. Chad seemed to fit neatly into the Libyan leader's ultimate dream of a sub-Saharan republic. Habré, meanwhile, was less directly supported by France, as part of Paris' abiding policy of trying to maintain a forceful role in the affairs of the French-speaking former African colonies.

Gaddafi proved to be not only closer to Chad but also more anxious to break the stalemate. Terming it "technical and humanitarian assistance," the Libyan leader dispatched a sizable military force into Chad last week, which all but ended the civil war. The Libyan invasion force included more than 4,000 infantry, backed by 50 Soviet-supplied T-54 and T-55 tanks, along with 122-mm rocket launchers, 81-mm mortars and even U.S.-built Chinook helicopters. Against such unexpected fire power, Habré's forces retreated across the Chari River into Cameroon. Two days later Habré agreed to a cease-fire sponsored by the Organization of African Unity.

The French government, taken by surprise, weakly insisted that it had not intervened militarily to counter Gaddafi's invasion of Chad because neither of the two cornerstones of French African policy had been violated. No French nationals were in jeopardy or in need of rescue, and no plea for French military help had come from a legitimate government. "We are just spectators," said a French spokesman. More pointedly, the Paris daily *Le Monde* called the invasion "a serious defeat for Paris," adding that "the French government was visibly caught on the wrong foot."

Chad's African neighbors were even less sanguine about Gaddafi's invasion. Said Senegal's daily *Le Soleil*, summing up a common view: "All Africa should be concerned. Chad could be the first link in a United States of the Sahel sought by Libya." ■

Britain's Thatcher and Ireland's Haughey after summit at Dublin Castle

NORTHERN IRELAND

An End to a Dangerous Fast

Thatcher stands firm, and the hunger strike is called off

It was perhaps the best Christmas present that British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, Irish Prime Minister Charles Haughey and the often warring, always uneasy Protestants and Catholics of Northern Ireland could have received. Last week, 53 days after they had begun to fast, seven Irish Republican terrorists imprisoned in the gray concrete H-block cells of Belfast's Maze Prison started to eat again. The end to the long hunger strike came as at least one of the prisoners lay near death, an event that authorities feared would inevitably have sparked a new wave of I.R.A. bombings and shootings throughout Northern Ireland and England.

The hunger strikers' capitulation was widely seen as a psychological victory for Thatcher, who from the very start refused to bow to the prisoners' demands, principally that they be treated as special-category political prisoners rather than as ordinary convicts. When the seven first refused food, on Oct. 27, they spoke of fasting "until death." Their privations and the frequent reports of their worsening health turned them into near martyrs and quickly raised sectarian tensions throughout the troubled North. Catholics demanded at least a compromise, while Protestants insisted that there be "no surrender." Thatcher held firm.

It was a close call. Last week one of the seven strikers, Sean McKenna, 26, sentenced to 25 years for terrorist offenses including the attempted murders of a policeman and a Protestant civilian, was reported to be going blind from lack of food. He was described as comatose and close to death; a visiting relative said he looked like a "yellow skeleton." Amid warnings that McKenna had only 24 hours to live, prison authorities brought in a priest to give him the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church. After the strike was called off, the fear remained that he might still die even though he was immediately transferred to a Belfast hospital.

In the end, the strike was not halted by any secret deal. At a summit meeting in Dublin earlier this month Thatcher and Haughey had agreed on how to proceed. The striking prisoners were then sent a 32-page British position paper that made it clear that London would never grant them political status. The document, however, did indicate that Britain was prepared to consider prison reforms once the fast had ended. There was a hint that some of the strikers' other demands —such as the right to wear civilian clothes —might in the end be granted.

The turning point came early in the week, when Tomas Cardinal O'Fiaich, the Catholic Primate of All Ireland, sent a telegram to Thatcher pleading with her to intervene. The Iron Lady's refusal to do so, combined with her plea that the strikers "take the course of life rather than the course of death," apparently convinced them that they could not win. On Thursday evening they called off the protest. The next day, 33 other Republican prisoners, who had been fasting for up to 19 days in support of the original seven, gave up.

Word of the strike's end was greeted with joy by moderate Ulstermen of both religions. "My first reaction on hearing the news," said Cardinal O'Fiaich, "is a fervent 'Thank God.' " Even Thatcher's political enemies in Westminster, the Labor opposition, were full of praise. Said Don Concannon, Labor chief spokesman on Northern Ireland affairs: "It would be churlish not to congratulate you." ■

CHINA

Missing Leader

Hua's post is in doubt

What ever happened to Hua Guofeng? That question occupied the center of the Peking stage last week, overshadowing that other current piece of political drama, the trial of the Gang of Four. All week Hua was the object of a crescendo of speculation by Chinese and foreigners alike that he was being forced to step down as Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party, theoretically the country's most powerful position. There was no official confirmation—or denial. Nonetheless, it seemed a good bet that some abrupt bit of palace intrigue had indeed toppled Hua from his post, though the change may not formally take place until a party Congress can be convened next year. Hua's most likely successor is a man who has lately been receiving unusually prominent treatment in the Chinese press: Hu Yaobang, 65, the party's current Secretary-General and an ally of China's dominant leader Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping.

The most immediate sign that Chairman Hua is in trouble was that he has not been seen in public for more than three weeks. Last week he even failed to turn up for a visit by a Greek Communist Party delegation; the group was received instead by Hu Yaobang. Hu, like Deng, is one of the few survivors of the Long March. Like Deng, too, the peasant-born Hu has been twice purged and twice rehabilitated. His resurgence was signaled last February when he was named head of a restored party secretariat, a post that gives him control of the party's day-to-day functionings.

Hua Guofeng

Hu Yaobang

Hua's political demise would mark an unusually rapid rise and fall for such a top-level Chinese leader. When he succeeded Mao Tse-tung as Party Chairman in 1976, after all, he was a mere Minister of Public Security.

Some analysts felt that there was a connection between Hua's abrupt departure and the Gang of Four trial. According to their theory, Hua may have agreed to step down in exchange for an agreement that his damaging past associations with the "evil gang" would not surface during the trial's proceedings. More likely, Hua may have recently collided with Deng's faction over the quickening pace of de-Maoization, which Hua is known to oppose. Possibly, the dispute became so sharp that

it was necessary to push the Party Chairman out of the way.

Hua might yet prevail and be reconfirmed as Party Chairman. Still, China's leaders were doing nothing to dispel stories that he had lost power. National newspapers lavishly displayed an article that was filled with oblique but unmistakable criticisms of Hua. "The party's prestige is not high now," the article declared, hardly needing to mention that Hua Guofeng has been the party's leader for nearly five years. Some leaders of the Central Committee made mistakes even after the downfall of the Gang of Four, the article went on, pointing specifically to a "cult of personality." As every Chinese knows, just such a cult swirled around only Hua for several months in 1976 and 1977 when his pictures were displayed side by side with Mao everywhere.

In fact, Hua has for months appeared to be losing out in his contest for power with Deng, TIME Peking Bureau Chief Richard Bernstein reported. Last September Deng elbowed him out of the country's premiership to make way for younger, more pragmatic government leaders. In Deng's controlled press, articles indirectly accused Hua of blocking the dismissal of venal provincial officials, opposing economic reforms and acting like an old-style palace eunuch who rose to power by toadying to the Emperor—in this case, Hua's onetime patron Mao.

The campaign against Hua also seemed to presage a stepped-up purge of other party officials considered by Deng's forces to be disloyal or inept. Last week every major newspaper in China front-paged a toughly worded statement by Vice Chairman Chen Yun that was cited by Secretary-General Hu Yaobang. It warned that changing the bad "work style" of some leaders was a "matter of life and death for our party."

The dramatic trial of the Gang of Four and six other "evildoers" meanwhile resumed in Peking after an unexplained four-day recess. It entered its "debate" phase, in which defense lawyers can, in theory, argue the innocence of the accused. Since most of the defendants have already admitted their "counterrevolutionary crimes," the lawyers' role had been reduced to pointing out the defendants' contrite attitude and asking for lenient sentences. The main exception to that pattern is likely to be Jiang Qing, Mao's widow, who in her last court appearance was hustled from the chamber after she angrily attacked both a witness and a judge as "liars" and "traitors." When it comes her turn to make her defense, possibly this week, Jiang Qing is almost certain to make a highly embarrassing claim: that all her allegedly criminal actions were legally approved by the party authorities at the time, including her husband Mao and China's late Premier Chou En-lai. ■

Lonely Death of a Survivor

Alexei Kosygin: 1904-1980

When Alexei Kosygin resigned as Soviet Premier last October after more than 40 years of service to the state and the Communist Party, no honors or tributes were bestowed upon the veteran leader. Among the 14 other Politburo members, only Leonid Brezhnev was moved to acknowledge "cordial gratitude" to Kosygin. Even that faint praise came after international surprise over Kosygin's unceremonious exit from power. Last week news of Kosygin's death of a heart attack in the Kremlin hospital was treated in more generous fashion. A day and a half after the event, the Soviet government and Communist Party made the announcement "with deep sorrow."

Alexei Kosygin in 1979

Unsurpassed at sidestepping purges.

Though rumors of the ailing 76-year-old ex-Premier's death had been circulating insistently in Moscow, the official communiqué had been postponed while the Kremlin leaders apparently considered how much posthumous praise should be accorded their late comrade. There was an inconvenient fact: Kosygin had died on the eve of Brezhnev's birthday, when the Soviet press traditionally publishes panegyrics to the Soviet President, now 74. When the birthday celebrations were over, Brezhnev and other Soviet leaders finally paid tribute to Kosygin with such ritual phrases as: "he labored selflessly for the good of the Soviet state."

Thus, in death as in life, Kosygin had been eclipsed by Brezhnev. Still, until he fell ill last year and was replaced as Premier by Nikolai Tikhonov two months ago, he had maintained an iron grip over the vast state bureaucracy that he commanded. World leaders had learned not to judge Kosygin by appearances. In spite of his characteristically hangdog expression, he had been capable of driving as hard a bargain as any Soviet leader since Joseph Stalin. Equally tough and tenacious in the Kremlin corridors of power, Kosygin was unsurpassed in his ability to sidestep the purges that had swept away other Soviet leaders of his generation. Justifiably, he earned a reputation as the U.S.S.R.'s great survivor.

Born in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) in 1904, Kosygin came from modest beginnings. The son of a lathe operator, he held a series of managerial jobs in the Leningrad region, until he began a spectacular rise to power in the late 1930s. Escaping the Great Purge that dispatched millions of others to Stalin's Gulag, he became mayor of Leningrad. By 1939 he had ascended to membership in the ruling Central Committee.

Stalin quickly recognized Kosygin's administrative skills, and promoted him into the Politburo in less than a decade. Soon after, the dictator turned on his protégé during a purge of Leningrad party officials in 1949-1950. Nikita Khrushchev recalled that Kosygin's life "was hanging by a thread. Kosygin must have drawn a lucky lottery ticket." Again, in late 1952, Kosygin's life was in jeopardy when Stalin demoted him and denounced one of his close colleagues.

An early supporter of Khrushchev's, Kosygin continued his rise in the Soviet hierarchy as a Deputy Premier after Khrushchev was made party chief in 1953. Following the Kremlin conspiracy to oust Khrushchev in 1964, Kosygin and Brezhnev divided up the two posts that their predecessor had held simultaneously. Brezhnev took over the much more powerful job of Party Secretary, while Kosygin became Premier, which put him in control of the day-to-day management of the Soviet government. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger viewed Kosygin as a pragmatist, with "a glacial exterior" who was "orthodox if not rigid."

Kissinger and other statesmen who have dealt with Kosygin have remarked on the former Premier's fanatic, indeed almost inhuman, devotion to duty. In 1967, when Kosygin learned that his wife Klavdiya was dying, for example, he did not interrupt his working day. When word of her death reached him, he remained atop the Lenin mausoleum on Red Square until he had finished reviewing a parade. Last week the great survivor's own passing was duly noted by his colleagues in the Kremlin, but was not conspicuously mourned. ■

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Baseball's $20 Million Man

An athlete for all seasons signs the deal of a decade

The scouts came to the University of Minnesota in 1973 with high hopes and open wallets. The man from the Minnesota Vikings had his eye on a prospect for tight end, a graduating senior big enough (6 ft. 6 in., 220 lbs.) and fast enough to make it in the N.F.L. despite the fact that he had not played football since high school. The scout from the Atlanta Hawks sought to sign up a power forward who had averaged 15.3 points and 7.4 rebounds a game during his college basketball career. And the fellow from the San Diego Padres was ecstatic over a pitcher-outfielder with a fine arm and a better bat (.379 with nine homers in his senior year).

Each of the teams made its designated player an early-round draft choice. The only problem was that the three selections were all the same man: Dave Winfield. An athlete for all seasons, Winfield thus became one of the few players ever drafted by professional teams in three sports.

He opted for baseball, and last week the decision paid off handsomely. After languishing for eight years with the flaccid Padres, Winfield, 29, signed a contract with the New York Yankees that will reportedly bring him as much as $20 million over the next ten years. His agreement with the Yankees, by far the richest contract since baseball's free-agent era began in 1976, makes him the highest-paid American athlete. Houston Astro Pitcher Nolan Ryan's $1 million a year and fellow Yankee Outfielder Reggie Jackson's $500,000-plus a year pale in comparison with Winfield's estimated $1.3 million annual stipend. Included in the deal is a $1 million signing bonus, as well as complicated provisions tying extra compensation to the inflation rate and the price of Yankees tickets.

Some baseball observers were aghast at the huge sum laid out for a player who had hit over .300 only twice in his eight-year major league career. Is Winfield worth it? Says Baltimore Oriole General Manager Hank Peters: "Not in my judgment. I don't think any athlete in any team sport can be important enough to command that kind of money." But Winfield had a ready retort: "Everything has a market value. How do you set a price on a precious gem?"

To be sure, Winfield was perhaps the brightest diamond among a rather lusterless crop of free agents this year, the 48 veterans who played out their options after at least six years in the majors. Yet some of those players won astronomical contracts, considering their limited skills. Former New York Met Outfielder Claudell Washington reportedly received $2.5 million over five years from the Atlanta Braves, despite a lifetime average of .279 and a seven-year home run total of 47. Texas Rangers Utility Infielder Dave Roberts received a new contract for more than $200,000 a year from the Astros, even though Houston officials admit that he will not be in the starting lineup.

Outfielder Dave Winfield flashes an eight-figure smile

The brightest diamond in a lusterless crop of free agents.

On the other hand, quite a few major leaguers boast more impressive statistics than Winfield's, except for the salary figure. Baltimore Oriole First Baseman Eddie Murray, 24, has played in the majors only four years, but he has already hit 111 home runs, driven in 398 runs and averaged .291, yet he earned just $150,000 last season. He will be eligible to declare himself a free agent after the 1982 season. If Winfield's price is $20 million, Murray's value is almost incalculable.

Yet Winfield is no slouch. A respectable hitter (major league average .279, with 154 home runs and 626 RBIs), he is a sure-handed outfielder whose speed and accurate arm keep base runners back on their heels. Last season he was something of a disappointment, batting only .276 with 20 homers. At least some of his problems at the plate can be blamed on the Padres' weak-hitting lineup. American League pitchers will not have the luxury of pitching around Winfield in a Yankee batting order that also includes such sluggers as Jackson (41 homers last season), Graig Nettles (16 home runs despite missing 65 games because of hepatitis) and Bob Watson (.307 season's average).

Perhaps the biggest benefactors of Winfield's windfall will be the other denizens of Owner George Steinbrenner's Bronx zoo. Jackson's contract expires at the end of the 1981 season, and as he is the only major leaguer to hit 25 or more home runs each year for the past ten consecutive years, his asking price will probably be even higher than Winfield's. Pitcher Ron Guidry, a 1978 Cy Young Award winner with one year left on his estimated $250,000-a-year contract, will be after a bigger slice of the Yankee pie too—unless Steinbrenner deals him first to the Boston Red Sox as part of a trade that would bring hard-hitting Centerfielder Fred Lynn to New York.

Steinbrenner feels Winfield's contract is justified because the Yankees desperately need to fill a gap in their lineup that has yawned since Catcher Thurman Munson's death last year in the crash of his private plane. Winfield brings righthanded power to a roster overloaded with lefthanders. His speed should also help the Yankees' sluggish base running, a weakness painfully exposed by the Kansas City Royals during the playoffs last fall. Says Pittsburgh Pirates Executive Vice President Harding Peterson: "A player's worth depends on what the market will bear, the needs of a given club and its policy on salaries. So things fit together for Winfield and the Yankees. Still, that's a lot of money for a .276 hitter. That's a lot of money for a .400 hitter."

Nonetheless, ten teams entered the sweepstakes for Winfield. Three—the Mets and the Cleveland Indians as well as the Yankees—made firm, eight-figure offers. But Winfield had had enough of second-division teams and wanted to play for a club with genuine pennant hopes. "I chose the Yankees to find out how good I am and to contribute to a winning cause," said Winfield. "Winning a World Series is one of my aspirations, and now I have a chance." Jackson warned Winfield that the megabucks Yankees endure a special scrutiny, from both fans and George Steinbrenner. Said Jackson: "It's either a lion's den or it's Disney World." Winfield took a long look at his $20 million deal and concurred: "There will be a tremendous spotlight on me. There is no easy money here." —*By B.J. Phillips*

Now, a First Decorator

Flying tape measures—and tempers—at the White House

"It's unbelievable. What more can I say?" So huffed one member of Rosalynn Carter's staff last week, describing Nancy Reagan's eagerness to get 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue fixed up to her tastes. It was not just that the incoming First Lady had toured the White House with the man who is evidently to be the First Decorator, Los Angeles Interior Designer Ted Graber. At a Georgetown party, she told a Carter aide that when she and her husband leave the mansion, as her "legacy" they will move before Inauguration Day, to give their successors an early start on revamping the family quarters. Not surprisingly, and despite denials by Reagan spokesmen, Carter partisans took that as a startling hint for Jimmy and Rosalynn to consider clearing out well before Jan. 20.

As it was, the new Administration seemed to be as intent on redecorating as on Cabinetmaking. Reagan aides traipsed in and out of the White House's working areas to size up office space. Tape measure in hand, Graber personally spent two days poring over the living quarters, including the Carters' bedroom. Carter people, who have been rather stung by all the press commentary on the "style" that the Reagans might restore to the capital, snickered gleefully that all the newcomers would bring was "Beverly Hills class."

Few other First Families have plunged into redecoration right away. One of the first things the Kennedys intended to do was convert a bedroom to a private dining room, but they did not get around to it for months. Says James Ketchum, White House curator in the 1960s and now curator of the Senate: "In the instances of Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon, there was a desire to spend some time getting to know the living quarters before deciding to make changes." The Carters have made very few alterations.

The living quarters comprise 14 rooms, 7½ baths and east and west sitting rooms on the second floor. Graber will focus on the family sitting room, the master bedroom, Nancy's dressing room and office, and a family study. He aims to use some "staggeringly beautiful" early American furniture he found in a Government warehouse. Also, he says, "there will probably be new rugs, new wallpapers and new drapes and paint. The First Family is just like any other family moving into a new house." Having decorated the Reagans' Pacific Palisades home, he knows Nancy's style: "She's very straightforward. She knows she wants to be comfortable and at home."

Ted Graber in his own apartment

"Definitely not a movie star look."

The son and grandson of Los Angeles–based antique dealers, Graber, 61, got his start in decorating as a partner of the late William Haines, a favorite of West Coast movie folk known for a kind of Hollywood flamboyance. By contrast, says top New York Designer Mario Buatta, Graber's work shows "more a traditional mixture of today and yesterday; his is definitely not a movie star look."

Nowhere is Graber's clean and classic style more grandly evident than in Winfield House, the London residence of the U.S. Ambassador to Britain that he and Haines renovated for Publisher Walter Annenberg at a cost of more than $1 million. Graber's following is predominantly Western and wealthy, including such clients as the Alfred Bloomingdales (department stores) and the Henry Salvatoris (oil). Says Grace Salvatori: "He has a great sense of color and quality. The night Ted Graber has finished, everything is complete, right down to the flowers and bonbons on the tables. Your husband comes in and he's happy, and you can sit down straightaway and have a cocktail."

Graber reckons that the average cost of redecorating a room may come to around $50,000, not including the art and antiques a client may want. Though that is what Congress allocates for each First Family's entire refurbishing, the Reagans need not worry about how to pay for their new digs. Extra bills can be paid out of the White House's $3 million annual-upkeep fund. *—By E. Graydon Carter. Reported by Michael Moritz/Los Angeles and Eileen Shields/Washington*

Going over plans with Client Nancy Reagan

Main hall of Winfield House, the U.S. embassy in London, after over $1 million redecoration

Senior Citizen Sinatra celebrates with Wife Barbara and Daughter Nancy

Moments before the shot: Mailer's last supper with Norris—in *Ragtime*

People

Few new Presidents have spent much time posing for the portrait-bearing gold medal they get as an Inaugural gift. But **Ronald Reagan** not only agreed to three sittings, he had a life mask made. Only Abe Lincoln, whose likeness was sculpted in 1860, had been so masochistic. For 20 minutes the President-elect sat motionless, slathered crown to collarbone with silicone goop, straws jutting from his ears and nostrils. After the 20-minute ordeal, Sculptor **Edward Fraughton** pronounced him a model model: "He's used to being made up." But not quite so heavily. "Boys," cracked Reagan, "there's one take on this —that's it!"

■

"Please keep this under your Stet-

Reagan models for his medal

son," read **Barbara Sinatra's** invitation, "but I'm tossing a surprise birthday party for my blue-eyed cowboy." **Cary Grant, the Fred Astaires,** the **Gregory Pecks, Spiro Agnew,** the **Johnny Carsons** and 200 others were on hand to greet the guest of honor at his own spread in Rancho Mirage, Calif., under a tent rigged with saloon-style bars, cacti, a bandstand and spittoons. **Old Blue Eyes** was delighted: "I'm gushing with happiness," said he. Guess when a man turns 65, it's time to hoe down.

■

"Acting is much like professional football," observes **Norman Mailer,** writer and sometime thespian. So when it came time to film his big scene in the movie *Ragtime*—wherein his character, Architect Stanford White, is assassinated by Millionaire Harry K. Thaw **(Robert Joy)**—the star got the pregame jitters. "not because I was being shot, but because I might let the team down." He died like a pro. As the bullets flew, he slumped convincingly over a table, then rolled to the floor. His comely companion cried holy murder, which made Mailer especially proud. She is his sixth and current wife **Norris Church,** 31. Said he: "Did you hear her? Weren't those just the loudest possible screams?"

■

"Not ... all girl-children [are] nymphets," wrote **Vladimir Nabokov** in *Lolita*. Few indeed have the "fey grace ... the slenderness of a downy limb" and other nascent charms so dear to a Humbert Humbert. **Edward Albee,** who is staging a drama based on the novel, chose **Blanche Baker** over hundreds of preteens to play eleven-year-old Lo to **Donald Sutherland's** fortyish Humbert. Blanche is 24, but well qualified. She was virtually born for the role: her mother, **Carroll Baker,** won stardom 24 years ago as the sensuous heroine of *Baby Doll*. As for Blanche's advanced age, she says: "I don't think a child actress could understand the unconscious sexuality of Lolita. At eleven, I didn't understand eleven." — *By Claudia Wallis*

Nymphic Blanche Baker: Mamma's girl and Humbert Humbert's delight

On the Record

John Kenneth Galbraith, 72, liberal economist, on the pleasure of Conservative William F. Buckley Jr.'s company: "With Bill, you don't have to think. He takes a position, and you automatically take the opposite one, and you know you're right."

William E. Colby, 59, former CIA director, repenting the agency's use of organized-crime figures in an early '60s Castro assassination plot: "You couldn't find a more inept crowd than the Mafia."

Outlook '81: Recession

Reagan confronts low growth, high inflation and steep interest rates

"I think that we are at a very major watershed in this country. The chips are down. We either make a significant turn at this point, or we are going to be fighting economic stagnation for the next decade."

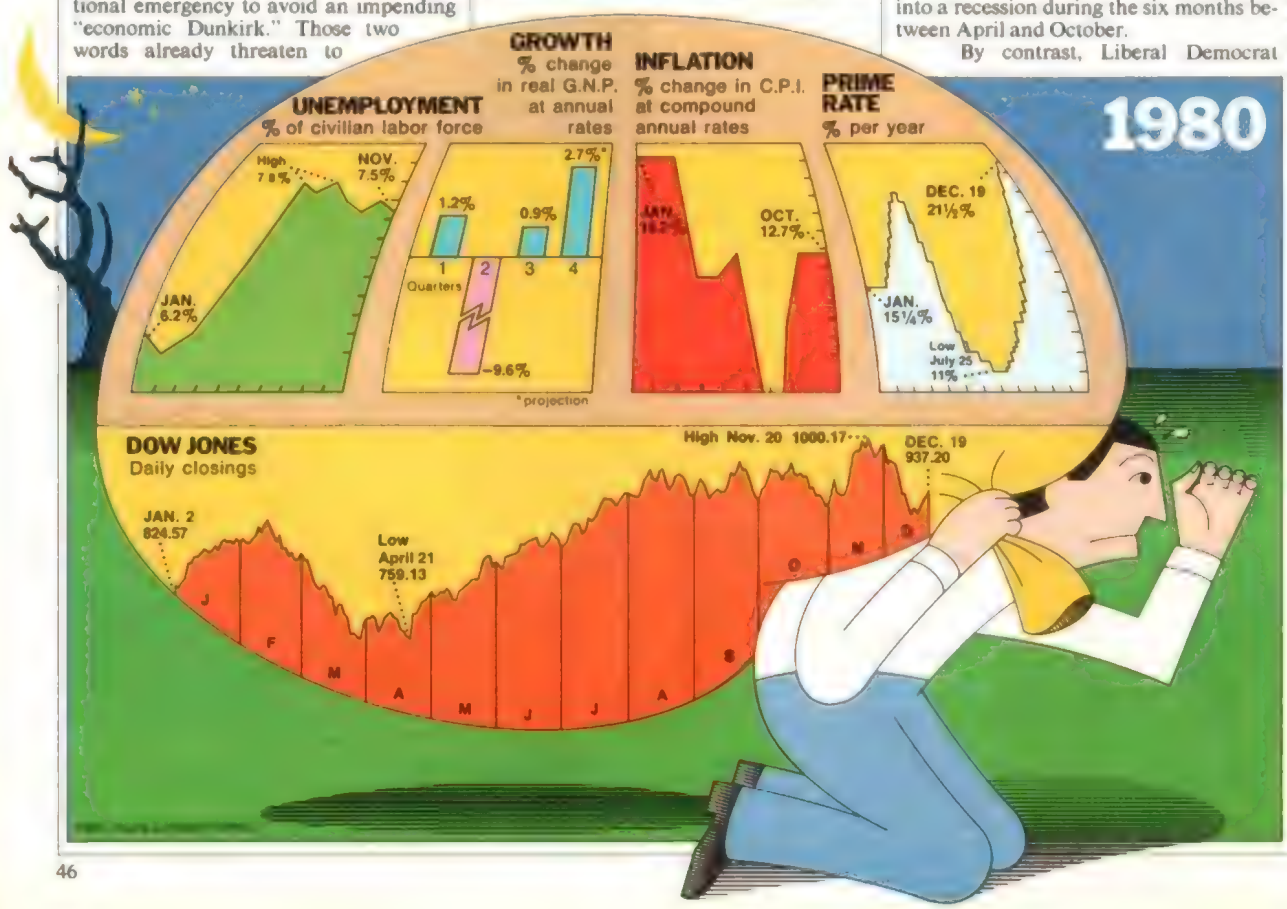
The speaker was Republican Economist Alan Greenspan, but the sentiment was shared by each of his colleagues on the TIME Board of Economists, which gathered last week to examine the economic outlook for 1981. To a man, the board agreed that the weakened U.S. economy simply cannot endure many more shocks and setbacks like those that have afflicted it for the past two years. The tone of the meeting, the fourth and final of a troubled year, was similar to that set by David Stockman, Ronald Reagan's designated new budget director, and New York Congressman Jack Kemp. Three weeks ago, they sent Reagan a 23-page memo in which they called for the declaration of a state of national emergency to avoid an impending "economic Dunkirk." Those two words already threaten to become what might be called the economic hallmark of 1981.

There was worry aplenty at last week's meeting about how much time the incoming Administration will have to return the economy to long-term, noninflationary growth. While board Republicans argued that the Reagan strategy of deep cuts in both taxes and Government spending is crucial to economic recovery, Democrats on the board considered the approach both impractical and politically naive. They feel that it could wind up actually quickening the tempo of economic upheaval and causing even more inflation.

Looming over every current discussion of the U.S. economy is deep concern about the nation's increasingly mercurial interest rates. The prime lending rate that big commercial banks charge their best corporate customers jumped last week to 21.5%, breaking the 20% peak of last April and heightening fears of a renewed economic downturn. The economists on TIME's board predicted that the rate is likely to go as high as 23% early next year.

For this and other reasons, the board concluded that 1981, which was seen only a few months ago as a period of at least slow recovery from 1980's slump, will be another year of recession. Board members differed on the timing and severity of a 1981 decline, but agreed that a contraction is now all but unavoidable. Yet they believed that the 1981 slump will not be as sharp as this year's, when the GNP in the second quarter declined at an annual rate of 9.6%. Republican Conservative Monetarist Beryl Sprinkel, chief economist for Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank, predicted that the economy will show about 3.9% real growth on an annual basis for the last three months of 1980 and then increase at a 4% yearly rate during the first quarter of 1981. Then he sees business slipping back into a recession during the six months between April and October.

By contrast, Liberal Democrat



Walter Heller, a former economic adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, warned that the economy is already weakening, and will wind up registering around 2% in real annual growth during the fourth quarter of 1980. Heller predicted that overall economic activity during the first three months of 1981 will decline approximately 1.5% and remain essentially stagnant for the following quarter.

The median forecast of the board members is a modest growth in the economy of about 1.3% during 1981, including a decline of about .3% between January and June. They foresee the economy recovering at a growth rate of slightly less than 3% during the second half of next year.

Such a shallow recession will have differing impacts on various areas of the economy. The downturn is not expected, for example, to affect employment seriously. The jobless rate is projected to climb from its present level of 7.5% to a peak of 8.2% in 1981's second quarter, before slipping back to 8% at year's end. The public, however, can expect little relief on prices next year. From a 1980 inflation rate of 13%, the board of economists projected that the increase in consumer prices will only slow to 11.4% at best by the end of 1981.

One important reason will be the renewed upward thrust of oil prices. The 13-nation OPEC oil cartel last week raised its export prices by 6% to 10%, and oil producers warned of possible additional increases in 1981 *(see following story)*. Meanwhile in the U.S., more and more domestically drilled crude is being marketed at sky-high world prices as a result of the continuing phaseout of domestic crude oil price controls. Democrat Otto Eckstein, president of Data Resources, an economic forecasting firm, estimated that rising petroleum prices will add 2.2 percentage points to the nation's consumer price index in 1981.

M.I.T. Economist Lester C. Thurow believes that this high inflation forecast may be too low. Said Thurow: "The risks are all on the down side. The economy could all too easily get some big new oil shock, for example. Or grain harvests might be disappointing and force up food prices. On the other hand, it is very hard to think about what piece of *good* news might come along to make everything look better."

Whatever happens to the economy in 1981 will depend to a large degree on the actions of the Federal Reserve Bank and its controversial chairman, Paul Volcker. As the nation's central bank, the Federal Reserve regulates the availability of both money and credit in the economy, which helps determine the level of interest rates for borrowers and lenders alike. In October 1979, the Fed announced that it was scrapping its traditional inflation-fighting tactic of trying to regulate overall economic activity by manipulating interest rates within a narrow and relatively low range. The bank decided instead to attack the problem more directly by curbing the growth of the money supply itself.

The TIME board last week split sharply over whether that new approach is working, and there was also disagreement about whether Volcker will continue to pursue it in the new Administration taking office next month. Democrat Eckstein wondered about how many more times the Fed will feel compelled to "beat the economy about the head" before people believe that the bank is serious about controlling the money supply. Eckstein jokingly asked whether the Federal Reserve's vacillating policy of first tight money and then loose money was creating "the six-month business cycle," alternating between boom and bust.

In response, Monetarist Sprinkel argued that the Federal Reserve has not really been sticking to its tight money policy at all. In Sprinkel's view, Volcker "aborted the recession last spring" by injecting money rapidly back into the economy to ease the downturn during an election year. Said Sprinkel: "I have been watching the Fed since Harry Truman's days, and though Presidents have no direct control over the Fed, the White House does have all sorts of subtle influences to help it get the sort of monetary policy it wants."

Democrat Heller cautioned, however, that Volcker is not likely to repeat his move of last spring and begin excessively increasing the money supply a second time if the economy starts to falter. Said Heller: "Volcker has had a burning experience, and he is now being driven almost by a sense of inner guilt. He eased up too much too soon, and he knows it. Now Volcker may be overcompensating."

In the opinion of most board members, the real economic flash point in 1981 is likely to be the new President's plan of radical cuts in both Government spending and taxes. Reagan's "supply-side" economic strategists have defended the program as a bold policy to stimulate savings and investment that will beat inflation by boosting productivity and business output. They argue that the U.S.'s economic ills have been caused primarily by excessive taxes, which have removed the incentive of individuals and companies to work harder producing goods and services. Board Member Greenspan, a close adviser to President-elect Reagan, argued that the program must be put in place quickly if the public is to believe that the new Administration is really serious about stopping the price spiral.

By contrast, the board's Democrats questioned whether the plan would lower inflationary expectations. They pointed out that one of the main causes of higher prices is the anticipation of more in-

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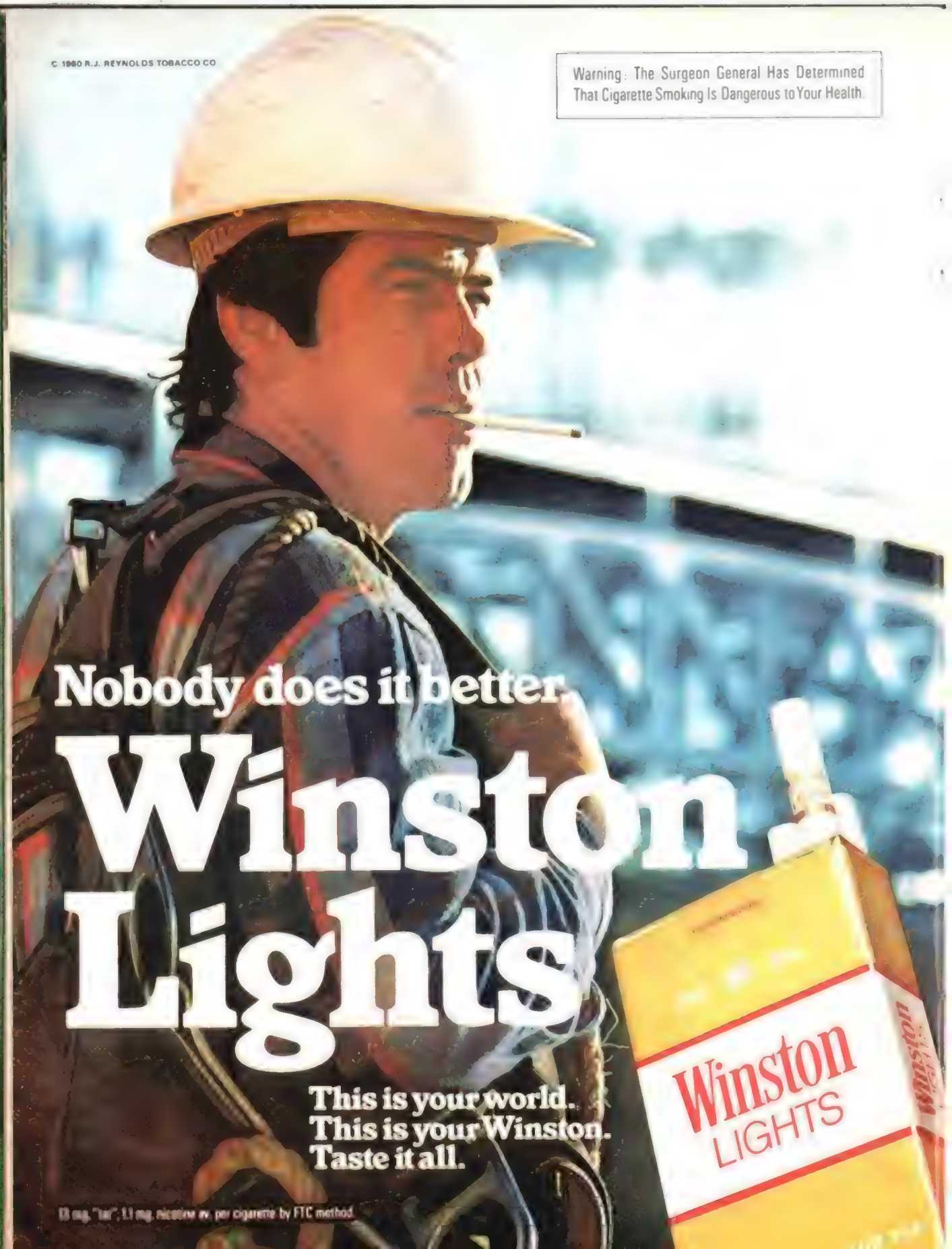

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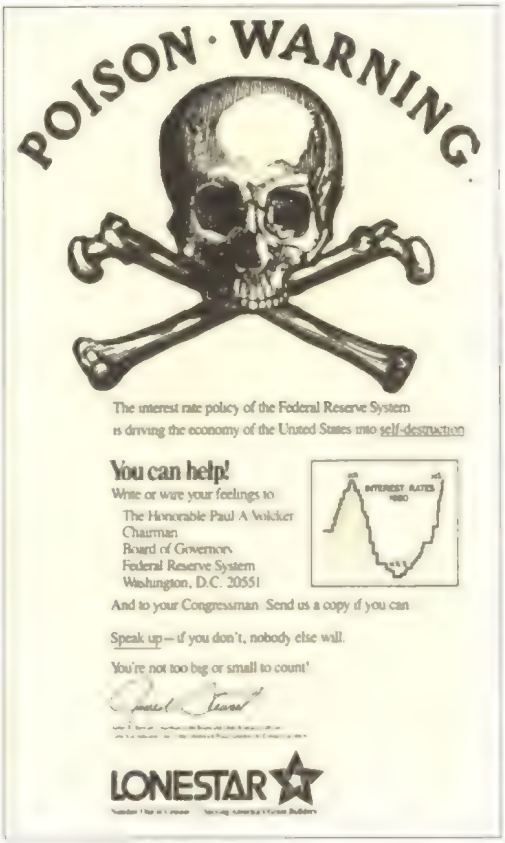
flation, which leads both labor and companies to keep pushing up wages and prices. As they see it, there is almost no chance of a major reduction in prices during the first half of next year, and large tax cuts now might encourage everyone to start asking for more in expectation of still higher inflation. Said Economist Eckstein: "The scientific evidence suggests that the only thing that improves inflation expectations is actual experience, and the experience in 1981 is just not going to be all that marvelous." Added Heller: "I hope and pray that President-elect Reagan can lower inflationary expectations, but the prospects do not look very good. The fact is that tax cuts go against the public's conception of an anti-inflation strategy."

Much will depend on whether the new Administration is able to deliver on its promise of deep cuts in federal spending. Board Member Joseph Pechman, a Democratic tax expert with Washington's Brookings Institution, warned that the job will not be easy. Said he: "We have an extremely recalcitrant budget, and the new Administration is going to have a very difficult time trying to cut it."

Pechman estimated that federal spending will be $660 billion in the 1981 fiscal year that began in October. Given the current level of taxation and continued weakness in the economy, that will mean a budget deficit of about $60 billion before any Reagan tax cut. If tax reductions are enacted, the deficit could easily go to perhaps $75 billion. Much of the increase will come from so-called uncontrollable budget categories such as interest on the national debt, unemployment compensation insurance and welfare payments.

According to Pechman, proposals to cut such programs are likely to prove politically unpalatable to Congress, which will have to revise existing legislation to bring about reductions. For years Presidents have annually proposed budget cuts to Congress, but these are just as regularly rejected after effective counteraction by special-interest groups. Otto Eckstein argued that reducing outlays by the $30 billion to $50 billion that Reagan's advisers are recommending for fiscal 1981 would require a complete halt to any growth in nondefense spending. Since 1947, those politically popular expenditures—which include Social Security, aid to education, and employment training—have increased at an average rate of 5.3% annually. Said Eckstein: "The question is, Can Reagan effectuate this revolution?"



A newspaper ad bluntly criticizing monetary policy

Martin Feldstein, president of the National Bureau of Economic Research in Cambridge, Mass., maintained that cutting the runaway growth of federal spending is not politically impossible. Said he: "I think it is easy to talk yourself into the view that almost everything is uncontrollable, but I do not believe that." Among the areas where Feldstein said spending cuts could bring about substantial savings at minimal political cost: $3 billion in federal subsidies to airports, $7 billion in revenue sharing to states, and $5.5 billion in excessively generous payments for disabled workers, who would not have qualified for federal support under standards that prevailed as recently as 1970.

Washington University's Murray Weidenbaum, an adviser to Reagan during the presidential campaign, insisted that the new Administration recognizes that its budget will be controversial and involve some unpopular cutbacks in spending. Said he: "This is not going to be a painless solution. Reagan is

New Faces on the Board

Two new members last week joined TIME's Board of Economists. They are Martin S. Feldstein, 41, and Lester C. Thurow, 42. Both have gained national attention during the past few years for their analyses of the U.S. economy.

Martin S. Feldstein

A native of New York City, Feldstein is a professor of economics at Harvard and president of the National Bureau of Economic Research, the official monitor of the American business cycle. Frequently mentioned as a possible member of Republican Administrations, Feldstein is an advocate of less Government regulation of the private sector of the economy. A major focus of his research has been on the American Social Security system. He contends that the Government's retirement program has transferred vital investment capital into current consumption and thus hindered the long-term development of the economy.

Montana-born Thurow is a professor of economics and management at M.I.T. and was an adviser to George McGovern during the 1972 presidential campaign. He is the author of one of this year's most provocative books on the economy, *The Zero-Sum Society*. In it he argues in favor of a greater redistribution of income and wealth in American society. He also supports more Government involvement in planning the development of key economic sectors, especially new technologies.

Lester C. Thurow

trying to avoid the stop-and-go policies that have characterized preceding Administrations, both Republican and Democrat, and hence fight unemployment and inflation simultaneously."

The economic success of the Reagan Administration will depend on the continued support of the American public for an austerity program. Lester C. Thurow questioned whether voters would stick with such policies unless they quickly saw tangible results in the form of rising standards of living. He believes that the U.S.'s recent shift to economic conservatism may quickly evaporate. Said he: "The question is how long will the conservative era have to prove itself before the public kicks it out and tries something else. If the conservative policies cannot work relatively quickly, people will cease being conservatives."

"Are you better off than you were four years ago? Is it easier for you to go and buy things in the stores than it was four years ago?"

—Ronald Reagan, during the presidential debate with Jimmy Carter

While the economic year ahead looks generally gloomy, the year now closing has been downright schizophrenic. From January through December, the nation's business indicators gyrated as though they were suffering from a case of St. Vitus's dance. Gold and stock markets soared and tumbled with regularity. Interest rates bounced wildly up and down.

During much of the presidential election year, economic events were not determined by the White House or by Congress, but by the Federal Reserve. Indeed, in the opinion of many observers, "the Fed was the only game in town." When inflation roared to an annual rate of 18.2% in the first quarter and bond markets collapsed following Jimmy Carter's proposal of a fiscal 1981 budget with a $15.8 billion deficit, the Fed hit the brakes hard. It imposed credit controls on consumer borrowing and clamped down on bank lending. The prime rate, which began the year at 15.25%, quickly climbed to a then record 20% in April. The price of stocks and gold, which had been strong, fell quickly. But the economy cooled so that inflation declined to the year's low in July, when there was no month-to-month change in the Consumer Price Index.

Business, however, ran into a wall. Between April and June, the economy declined at an annual rate of 9.6%, the fastest drop since World War II. But then, with the arrival of summer and the acceleration of Carter's re-election campaign, credit controls were loosened and money became less restricted. The prime rate fell to a low of 11% in July. Yet, after November's presidential election and a new burst of inflation, the Federal Reserve Board once again tightened money, and interest rates began another steep rise, quickly passing the spring's historic interest rate records.

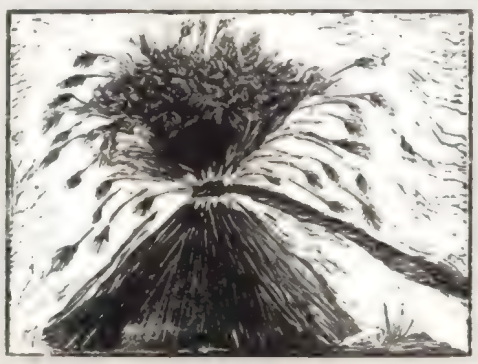
The squeeze on credit was a major burden on business all year long. Companies began avoiding new debt financing through the long-term bond market because high rates made that too expensive. Instead, they turned to banks for short-term loans that would not lock them into high rates for ten years or more. Industries that depend heavily on credit, particularly home building and auto sales, have been staggering. Lone Star Industries, the country's largest cement producer, last week took out full-page newspaper ads featuring a large skull and crossbones and the warning POISON. In a signed statement, Chairman James E. Stewart complained: "The interest rate policy of the Federal Reserve System is driving the economy of the United States into self-destruction." Russell M. Rockwell, the owner of Rockwell Equipment Co. in Hamilton, Ohio, says sharply: "I don't think the Federal Reserve knows what it's doing. It's like a two-year-old kid squeezing the kitten to death, and he doesn't realize he's doing it."

Even one of the Federal Reserve Board's own governors spoke out last week in public against its policies. Nancy H. Teeters, who has opposed the credit tightening, said that excessive monetary restraint will result in a business decline. "It's very simple," Mrs. Teeters said. "Rates are too high."

Detroit automakers have been perhaps the most severely damaged. Chrysler and Ford last fall rolled out a new generation of gas-thrifty models designed to win back business from popular Japanese imports. But the cars arrived in dealer showrooms simultaneously with the Federal Reserve's second run-up in interest costs. Buyers were unable, or unwilling, to pay the higher sticker prices and financing charges, and carmakers suffered their worst losses ever. The red ink on their North American operations is now expected to reach a staggering $8 billion. As sales of Chrysler's new K-cars languished in November, Chairman Lee Iacocca asked: "How long can this continue? For a year? I don't think there'd be an auto industry."

Meanwhile, the roof caved in on housing. New housing starts have fallen from 2.02 million in 1978 to an estimated 1.28 million this year. Experts estimate that the U.S. needs about 2.4 million new houses annually just to keep up with the nation's population growth. Low housing starts now mean shortages of homes in the future. But with mortgages increasing from about 11.5% to 17% this year, fewer buyers are willing to sign contracts for that dream castle.

The sharp rise in interest rates has been particularly devastating for small businesses, which generally have more debt than larger corporations and do not have the financial resources to wait out high rates. At National Industrial Products Supply Co., a small welding supply firm outside Chicago, President James Edelen says that the high cost of money forced him to reduce inventory by 30% and cancel plans to expand production and hire another salesman. Between July and Sep-



"We're hurtin' real bad in Texas"

—Reagan Brown, Texas State Agriculture Commissioner, during the summer drought

Illustrations for TIME by Frances Jetter

tember, more than 11,000 companies filed for bankruptcy, an increase of 38% over the same period a year ago. Says D. Bruce Adamson, chairman and president of the First National Bank & Trust Co. of Joplin, Mo.: "We're wondering how long the small businessman can survive."

High interest rates and the recession, unfortunately, did little to wring inflation out of the economy. The year 1980 saw the arrival of the $4.00 martini at Harry's New York Bar in Manhattan's Helmsley Palace hotel and the $180 cotton shirt at Bijan's boutique on Beverly Hills' Rodeo Drive. American motorists were as stunned by the $9,000 price for a new U.S. compact car as by the $1.30-per-gal. cost of gasoline. In most other postwar recessions, consumers at least were rewarded for their suffering with a significant drop in inflation. But not this time: last year price rises just rolled on relentlessly.

Unemployment, which had reached a high of 9% in the 1973-75 recession, was less of a problem than expected in 1980. It peaked in May and July at 7.8%, and many of those thrown out of work by the economic downturn were only briefly without a job. The average length of unemployment in 1980 was just twelve weeks. Many unemployed people, nonetheless, often had to search long for a new job or accept a less well-paying position. Joy Snyder looked for ten months for a job as a secretary after being laid off from a Delco-Remy electrical plant in Anderson, Ind. Finally, she found an opening at a counseling center, but the salary was $6,000 below her previous $18,000-per-year level. Says she: "It is a livable income, and I am happy to have it."

Like factory and office workers, farmers suffered through a year of upheaval. Following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, President Carter suspended shipment of $2.6 billion worth of corn, wheat and soybeans to the Soviet Union. Farm prices immediately collapsed, with the price of corn falling by 10% within three days of trading, the price of soybeans by 8% and that of wheat by 9%. Many farmers suffered a second disaster when a searing summer heat wave and drought scorched crops and pasture lands from Texas to North Dakota. The temperature in Dallas was over 100° for 53 days in July and August. Reagan Brown, Texas state agriculture commissioner, said glumly in midsummer: "We're hurtin' real bad in Texas." The drought has driven up the price of everything from peanuts to chickens, and it has cost farmers millions of dollars in lost crops and livestock.

The year of gyrating prices was felt acutely by investors. The Dow Jones industrial average hit a low of 759.13 on April 21, but then began a long climb that turned into the so-called Reagan rally after the November election. On Nov. 20, it hit a 1980 peak of 1000.17. Soon, though, stock prices began to tumble because of fear of high interest rates and another recession. The Dow Jones closed last week at 936.52.

"A billion dollars is not what it used to be"

—Bunker Hunt, after failing to corner the world's silver market

Thousands of moneymen also discovered that the glitter of gold and silver can be a sometime thing. Unrest in the Middle East and inflation in the U.S. sent the price of gold soaring to a high of $875 per oz. in late January, an increase of more than $300 in less than four weeks. That same month, silver went from $39.50 per oz. to $50.35 per oz. People rushed to determine the value of their ancestral sterling silverware or gold rings, and much of that was soon in the melting ovens of metal dealers. The inevitable sell-off followed even more quickly than the price increases. In one day alone, gold fell $143 per oz., while silver dropped to $10.20 per oz. in March.

Leading the routed silver and gold bulls were Bunker and Herbert Hunt, the Dallas bullionaires, who at one time owned an estimated 100 million oz. of silver. In March, they used their $2 billion silver hoard to buy even more of the metal. After the market collapsed later that month, the pair had to use their vast holdings, including race horses, art and antiques, as collateral to back the loans they had made in their attempt to corner the world silver market. A battered Bunker Hunt later said, "A billion dollars is not what it used to be."

Despite the overall dour situation, the U.S. economy in 1980 showed some pockets of surprising strength and resiliency. While the Midwest and the auto industry were suffering depression-like declines, areas of New England and the West Coast, where the computer industry and other high technology firms have built plants, hardly felt the slump. Investors who would not touch a steel stock jumped to buy new issues of Genentech, a San Francisco-based genetic engineering firm, or Apple Computer, the California maker of personal computers. Unemployment in Massachusetts was only 5%, or about one-third less than the national level. Colorado and other Rocky Mountain states prospered with the search for new domestic energy sources. Electronic and computer firms made the Southwest and the West the U.S.'s most prosperous regions. According to the 1980 census, that region contains nine of the twelve fastest growing states.

However, it was not those brilliant exceptions but the dismal state of most of the American economy that swept Ronald Reagan into the presidency in November. Perhaps the candidate's most effective campaign tactic was during the debate with President Carter when he looked directly at the television camera and asked the American people: "Are you better off now than you were four years ago?" The answer was mostly no. Last year alone, the average real disposable income per capita fell by an estimated 1.1%.

Reagan will now use the untested, and controversial, program of large budget reductions and sharp tax cuts to fight the new American dilemma: high interest rates, low growth, roaring inflation and persistent unemployment. The well-being of American business during 1981 and for years to come will rest on the outcome of that experiment. *—By Christopher Byron and Alexander Taylor. Reported by William Blaylock/Washington, with other U.S. bureaus*

"I don't think the Federal Reserve knows what it's doing. It's like a two-year-old kid squeezing the kitten to death, and he doesn't realize he's doing it"

—Russell M. Rockwell, owner of the Rockwell Equipment Co., when interest rates soared to record heights

Bali High for Oil Prices

The cartel squabbles and then hikes the cost of crude

The oil ministers of the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries gathered under unusual circumstances last week amid lush tropical greenery on the resort island of Bali, Indonesia. For the first time in the group's history, two of its members were at war, and the battlefield confrontation threatened to spread into the conference room, thus weakening the cartel's fearsome control over oil prices. But after a two-day meeting, the OPEC nations agreed unanimously not to let the war between Iran and Iraq get in the way of boosting the price of oil by $2 to $4 per bbl. The price of Saudi Arabian light crude was hiked $2 and set at $32 per bbl., while the official ceiling price for oil sold by any OPEC member was increased by $4, to $41 per bbl. The price increases will jack up the world's oil bill by an estimated $26 billion in 1981. The message from Bali was clear: oil and profit are still powerful enough forces to keep even warring nations working together.

The energy producers have been squabbling among themselves all year. Saudi Arabia and Libya broke off diplomatic relations last October when Libyan President Muammar Gaddafi urged Muslims not to make their annual pilgrimage to Mecca because he claimed that the shrine had been desecrated by U.S. radar surveillance planes flying overhead. And after the outbreak of the war between Iran and Iraq, the cartel had to cancel a gala meeting in Baghdad in November that was to have celebrated the group's 20th anniversary.

The Iranians arrived in Bali insisting on their right to denounce Iraq's invasion of their country three months ago and its continued detention of Iranian Oil Minister Mohammad Javad Tondguyan as a prisoner of war. When the conference opened, they disrupted the proceedings by propping a 2-ft. by 3-ft. photo of Tondguyan in the chair reserved for Iran's chief delegate. To protect its Oil Minister, the Iraqi delegation packed 17 guns at the conference. Some Iraqi aides wore guns even inside the meeting room in defiance of the security regulations of their Indonesian hosts.

The two factions were kept apart by the Indonesians, who sat between them at all the meetings. Professor Subroto, the Indonesian Energy Minister, headed off a vote on including Iran's denunciation of Iraq in the official record by telling the legend of the man who must decide whether to eat a fruit, in which case his father will die, or not to eat it, in which case his mother will die. Said Subroto at the end of the meeting: "OPEC demonstrated that even with a war between two of its members, it can continue to function."

Some energy experts, nonetheless, maintain that the Bali agreement showed again the difficulty that the cartel is having agreeing on prices. Said one European Community official: "You can hardly call a meeting at which over half the time was spent arguing about a war between the two most powerful military members a resounding show of unity." For more than two years, Saudi Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani has been trying to restore a unified price for OPEC crude. But the spread between the Saudi bench-mark or "marker" price and the cartel's ceiling price after the Bali meeting has grown to $9, thus allowing individual members considerable room to set their own oil prices free of the cartel.

The impact of the Bali decision on energy-consuming countries will be serious. West Germany's oil bill will climb $3 billion from this year's $30 billion, and Japan figures that it will be paying out another $5 billion on top of 1980's $60 billion. In the U.S. the oil tab will also rise by $5 billion, to perhaps as high as $100 billion. Higher crude prices will quicken the pace of inflation in all Western countries. Washington experts predicted that in the U.S. the OPEC decision would boost the cost of gasoline at the pump by 4.7¢ per gal. and the price of heating oil by the same amount.

The White House reacted strongly to the latest oil cartel action, but the protest sounded similar to those of past years. Said presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell: "We do not consider these increases to be justified, particularly in the light of the good record of the U.S. and the industrial world in restraining demand."

Such objections, however, are not likely to have any real impact on OPEC decisions. Much more important is the state of world petroleum markets, which are currently afloat in oil. Worldwide demand for the black gold was off by about 2 million bbl. a day in 1980. Some production has resumed in Iran and Iraq, and the Saudis are continuing to pump about 2 million bbl. a day extra to make up for the shortfall caused by the Iranian revolution and by the destruction resulting from the Persian Gulf war. This has permitted oil companies and major petroleum-importing countries to maintain large reserves as a cushion against future price increases or production shortfalls. World reserves are about 300 million bbl. above normal for this period, and both the U.S. and Japan have decided to increase their stockpiles. Without that small world glut, OPEC would probably be pushing up prices even faster. Libyan Oil Minister Abdul Salam Zagaar, who is normally one of the OPEC hawks, said after the Bali meeting: "We won't ask for higher prices if the market won't permit it."

This situation of relatively easy oil supplies will not last indefinitely. Two weeks ago, an Iranian air attack against Iraqi installations near Kirkuk knocked out a key pumping and distribution center. As a result, oil has stopped flowing through two of Iraq's four pipelines, reducing exports by almost 1 million bbl. a day. Saudi Arabia is also threatening to curtail its production and send oil prices to $50 per bbl. Oil Minister Yamani is demanding that world energy companies currently carrying heavy stocks start drawing them down faster and that Western nations stop squirreling more oil away in strategic reserves. Indeed, the Saudis regularly prod Western countries to remind them that OPEC price restraint or high petroleum production could end at any time.

—By Julie Connelly. Reported by Ross H. Munro/Bali

Iranian Oil Minister Tondguyan's portrait is shown to protest his capture in Iraqi conflict

"OPEC demonstrated that even with war between two of its members, it can function."

Chrysler Goes Back to the Well

Bankruptcy looms in January without fresh Government aid

Chrysler for the second time this year is bumper to bumper with bankruptcy. Last June the company teetered for two weeks before its 400 lenders agreed to ease financing terms so that it could obtain $1.5 billion in federally guaranteed loans. Now Chrysler is asking for $400 million in new Government-backed loans. Without them, the company may not be able to survive the month of January.

The immediate cause of Chrysler's latest crisis was the reluctance of its dealers, whose lots are already packed with unsold cars, to order any more. This has forced the company to cancel plans to build some 15,000 cars in December. The dealers' decision means that Chrysler will have $100 million less than expected in the bank on New Year's Day. With January and February traditionally bad months in the car business, it was also apparent the company might soon be facing a negative net worth. That kind of financial slippage could block further Government aid.

Chrysler's problems, though, have been building for months. High interest rates, an initial shortage of low-cost models and the unwillingness of customers to buy cars from a company that seemed about to go out of business have cut in half projected sales of the stylish, economical K-car. Even the once popular subcompact Dodge Omnis and Plymouth Horizons are selling poorly, and dealers now have more than a 120-day supply, twice the desired amount. As the auto industry last week prepared for its annual holiday shutdown, only three of Chrysler's six assembly plants were operating. The company, which had once vowed that it would earn a profit in the fourth quarter, will probably lose more than $200 million between October and December. That would push its losses for 1980 to an astonishing $1.7 billion, breaking the current record for the highest yearly loss in U.S. corporate history, set by Chrysler in 1979 with $1.1 billion.

During the past two weeks, Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca conceived and put together the latest rescue plan with the precision of a Swiss clockmaker piecing together a masterwork. Iacocca boldly asked every one of Chrysler's associates for another substantial financial concession to keep the company alive. The elements of the newest rescue package:

▸ The auto workers' union members are requested to accept a two-year freeze on all cost of living increases and a slight reduction in fringe benefits. This would mean that a Chrysler worker would earn $17.31 an hour in 1981, rather than $20.45, and $17.52 an hour in 1982, rather than $22.11. The concessions would be worth approximately $600 million to the company. Iacocca last week bluntly told the United Auto Workers, "It's freeze time, boys. Chrysler's got good jobs available at $17.30 an hour. We don't have them at $20."

▸ Companies that supply parts to Chrysler are being asked to delay collection of this month's bills until January and to cut prices 5% during the first 90 days of 1981. This would reduce Chrysler's operating costs in that period by $90 million.

▸ Chrysler Corp.'s 175 lenders were asked to convert $572 million in loans to preferred stock in the company. That amount represents about half the firm's outstanding debt.

▸ Chrysler itself will cut operating expenditures by reducing its white-collar payroll by another 2,200 people, to 21,800. The company will also scrap plans to enlarge its front-wheel-drive production capacity for 1984. Iacocca said that these measures alone would cut costs next year by $575 million.

The goal of the plan, which will reduce Chrysler's overhead by nearly $700 million and increase its assets by $1 billion, is to convince the Government's Loan Guarantee Board that the company is worth the risk of extending another $400 million in loans. The firm has already received $800 million in Government-backed loans.

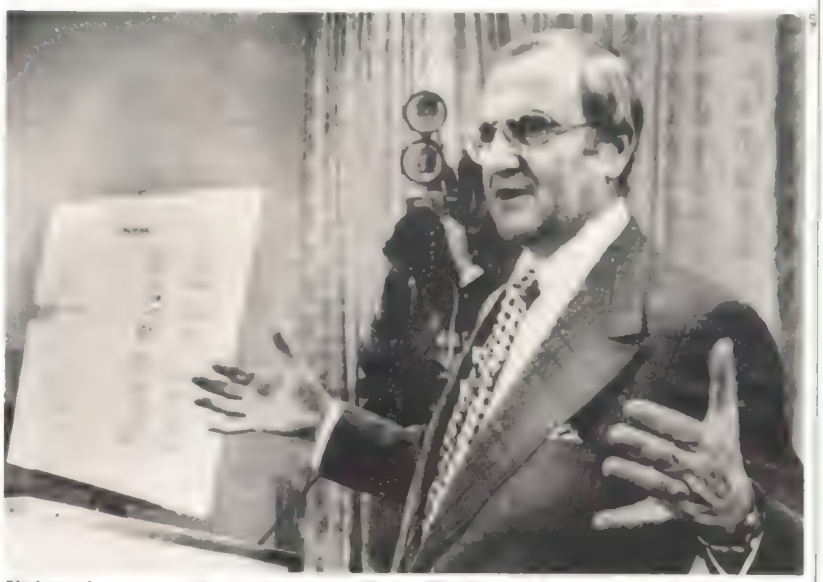
The initial reaction of Chrysler's partners was one of shock. The U.A.W. had thought that the $462.5 million in wage and benefit cuts it agreed to last winter was supposed to be sufficient. Said one union official: "We bought $1.5 billion in guaranteed loans with our first concessions, not just $800 million." The banks are unhappy about exchanging a loan, which would have at least theoretical value in a bankruptcy proceeding, for stock that would be worthless in case the company fails.

Chrysler's 20,000 suppliers are the most complicated problem. One steel company told Iacocca, in his words, to "drop dead." Said the president of another longtime supplier: "A lot of us will not go along. There is not 5% of profit for us left in Chrysler business."

Chrysler's requests for help may lead to similar calls from other automakers. Ford is now considering asking the auto workers' union for its own wage reductions. Ford has already lost about $1.2 billion this year, and it would like to renegotiate wages to keep its costs and final sales prices competitive.

One reason Iacocca decided to take the gamble of going once more to the well at this time was that he was uncertain about the possibility of getting additional assistance after Jan. 20, when the Reagan Administration takes power in Washington. Reagan opposed the original Chrysler bailout package, and after Inauguration Day his aides will sit on the board that will determine federal aid. G. William Miller, the outgoing Treasury Secretary, last week held meetings of the Loan Guarantee Board and said he thinks it is "in the national interest" to keep Chrysler alive. The board was expected to consider the company's aid request officially this week.

Even if the plan is accepted by all the parties involved, the ultimate survival of Chrysler will depend on selling the slow-moving K-cars in a recession-battered market. Without an upturn in car sales, no special deal will be able to keep the nation's 17th largest company out of bankruptcy court. —*By Alexander Taylor. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Barrett Seaman/Detroit*



Chairman Iacocca explains budget cuts company will make to help obtain loan guarantees

"It's freeze time, boys. Chrysler's got jobs available at $17.30 an hour but not $20."

Surgical team at Guy's Hospital in London performing kidney transplant

Are Some Patients Being Done In?

British show on brain death angers doctors, upsets public

In *Coma*, the bestselling novel that became a hit movie, greedy physicians have a nifty racket going: in order to acquire valuable organs for transplant surgery, they slip patients into unconsciousness, then declare them irreversibly brain-damaged. If a recent television program in Britain were to be believed, *Coma* is not so far off the mark. The show, part of the BBC's *Panorama* program, asked the question *Transplants: Are the Donors Really Dead?* The shocking answer: maybe not.

Panorama arrived at its conclusion after examining methods used by doctors to determine "brain death." The concept holds that a person is dead when the brain has permanently stopped functioning; the heart and lungs can be kept going by machines. In Britain, doctors must figure out what caused the patient's condition—say, a blow to the head—and then do an extensive series of tests. Among them: shining light into the eyes to see if the pupils contract, spurting ice-cold water into the ears to check whether the eyes react by quivering. In the U.S., physicians also often do an electroencephalogram (EEG) to confirm that there is no brain activity.

The program suggests that the brain-death criteria, particularly in Britain, are not strict enough and intimates that a factor may be the need for healthy organs for transplants. To buttress the show's argument, the producers described the experiences of five American patients who were thought dead but who survived. Only one was ever considered as a possible organ donor. Two were women who had taken drug overdoses, one was a premature infant, another was a man paralyzed by a muscle-relaxing agent. The most sensational case was that of a man who lost consciousness after suffering a heart attack. He was saved only when the transplant surgeon, who was about to remove the kidneys, noticed a bobbing Adam's apple.

Doctors in Britain, including Neurologist Bryan Jennett and Surgeon Robert Sells, who were interviewed on the program, are crying foul. In a barrage of letters to newspapers and medical journals, they claim, with some justice, that the show distorted facts. They point out that brain-death codes were set up not to ease transplants but to spare families draining bedside vigils. Says Jennett: "Only one in eight or nine patients taken off respirators ever becomes a donor."

As for the American patients, none could have been declared brain dead by the criteria set up in British or American codes. Doctors must first exclude certain conditions such as drug overdoses, which may mimic death but are reversible. Indeed, there is some confusion over the American cases cited. Neurologist Fred Plum of New York Hospital, who was interviewed for the program, stresses that the patient he discussed was never officially declared brain dead.

The use of the EEG, which *Panorama* pushed, is also controversial. Doctors note that people who are alive can have a flat EEG, suggesting no brain activity. Moreover, even inanimate matter can appear to have life. A doctor once wired a plate of Jell-O in an intensive care unit and proved it was "alive"; the electrodes picked up impulses from equipment in the room. Says Plum: "EEGs are done more as a reassuring step to doctor and family than because they are any more foolproof than good clinical observation."

Meanwhile, the British public is frightened. London Photographer Sally Greenhill expressed a common reaction to the broadcast: "I immediately tore up my organ donor card." In the four weeks after the telecast, the number of kidney transplants fell by a quarter, but is now beginning to increase again. British doctors hope the public will finally be reassured in February, when they state their case in a special 90-minute program. ■

Folk "Remedy"

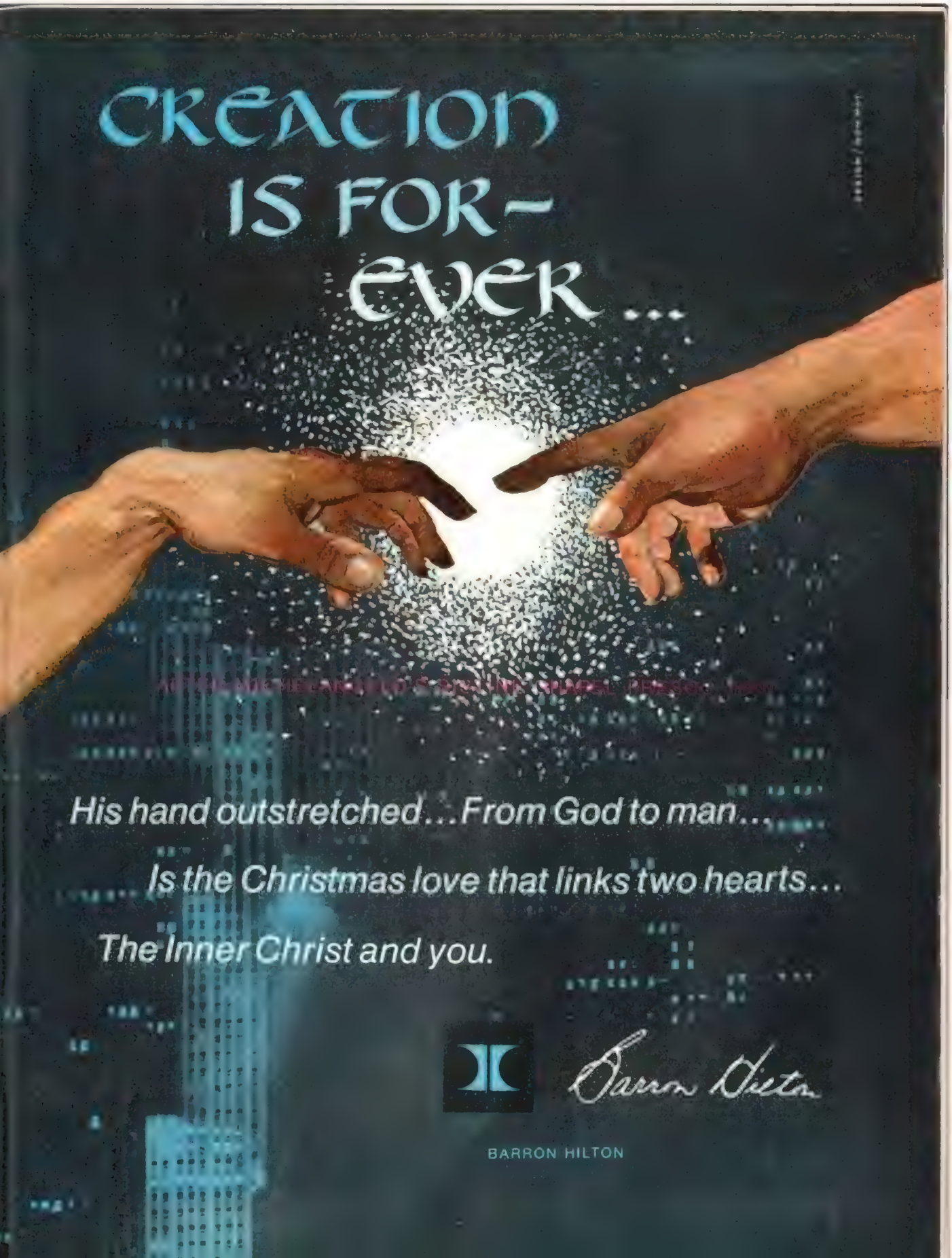
Coin rubbing puzzles M.D.s

It looked like a clear case of child abuse. The youngster had bruises on back and chest, apparently the result of a severe beating. Horrified observers reported the case to authorities, who prosecuted the bewildered Vietnamese refugee parents. But the trial ended soon enough when a physician testified that the child was only the "victim" of an old folk remedy: coin rubbing.

The widespread custom, called *cqo gio* (Vietnamese for "scratch the wind"), is used for everything from colds to convulsions. A medicated oil or ointment is rubbed into the skin, which is then firmly stroked with a coin, comb or spoon until contusions appear. The practice seems harmless, says Pediatrician Gentry Yeatman of the Tacoma, Wash., Madigan Army Medical Center, who became familiar with the massage technique during a 1975 stint at a refugee camp in Indiantown Gap, Pa. In a report published last week in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Yeatman warns that most American physicians are unfamiliar with the remedy and apt to mistake its signs for battering. That possibility, as well as doctors' skepticism about the value of coin rubbing, has caused many immigrants to avoid needed medical care. ■

Skin lesions on child's back

Stroking until bruises appear.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Theater

Ian McKellen in *Amadeus*

Blood Feud

AMADEUS *by Peter Shaffer*

The death of God, the need for God, the rage against God if he does exist have obsessed Britain's Peter Shaffer for more than a decade. He has written three psychodramas that are, in a way that no author of an adulterous farce could imagine, plays about the eternal triangle. Two men are pitted against each other under the baleful or indifferent eye of a God who is present but never made manifest.

This phase of Shaffer's career began with *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* (1964). In that play, Atahuallpa, who is both emperor and god of the Incas, is executed by the order of Pizarro, the Spanish conquistador. The most desolating moment of the play comes when Pizarro, who has lost faith in the Christian God, hopes against hope that Atahuallpa will be resurrected before his eyes. He is not. In *Equus* (1973), a boy blinds horses because he believes them to be gods who have witnessed his sinful transgressions. He duels with a psychoanalyst. Decrying his own dried-up rationality, the analyst envies the boy his pagan faith and passion. Sharing D.H. Lawrence's ideality of the "blood consciousness," Shaffer seems to agree with Freud that man's discontents are the high price of civilization.

In *Amadeus*, Shaffer reworks these themes in a drama that is less dramatically arresting or emotionally compelling than the previous two plays. In a threadbare season, it nonetheless sheds the glow of Joseph's coat of many colors. This time Shaffer focuses on two contenders on the treacherous fields of artistic fame and glory. Both are composers. One is Antonio Salieri (Ian McKellen), a man who achieved phenomenal musical renown at the royal court of Vienna in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. The other is Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tim Curry), who may be called a man or an immortal. We first meet Salieri on the day of his attempted suicide, when, with a twisted senile smirk, he begs the audience for absolution.

Why? He claims to have poisoned Mozart years before. Beethoven reported this unsubstantiated charge in an entry of his conversation book of 1824. More pertinently, Salieri confesses to the envy that breeds malice when a mediocre talent meets a transcendent genius. In editing and reshaping his own text for Broadway, Shaffer makes jealousy a key factor in Salieri's persistent savaging of the hard-pressed Mozart in his attempts to secure court posts and paying pupils. At this and other points—including a new scene concerning the premiere of *The Magic Flute*, which Salieri tried to thwart—the New York production is at variance, not always wisely, with the original production at London's National Theater.

The story proceeds in flashback using Salieri as narrator. The device impedes the dynamics of the play and sometimes makes the Viennese court seem like a cynically corrupted version of Grover's Corners. Early on, when Salieri is 16, he kneels in prayer and makes a Faustian compact with God. He vows to excel in virtue, magnify his talents and live his life as a tribute to his creator if only God will grant him fame.

Imagine his personal fear and his ire at God when Mozart, "the obscene boy," appears with the music of heaven, sublimely, effortlessly at his fingertips. And what a Mozart! Impudent, abrasively egocentric, silly in behavior, foul of mouth, a wine-bibbing libertine. Tim Curry's Mozart is unforgettable, an imp of the perverse, a strangely vulnerable Pan on a goatish night out.

As Salieri, Ian McKellen is less secure than Paul Scofield, who played this role in London. He lacks Scofield's ability to make a syllable wince or engorge a phrase with acrid humor. More important, McKellen does not make Salieri's early vows of purity plausible. Thus his desired revenge against both God and Mozart verges on Iago's malign spirit. No cast under Peter Hall's direction ever fails to glisten with finesse, force and impeccable timing. Jane Seymour plays Mozart's wife Constanze warmly and fetchingly. Nicholas Kepros must also be singled out for the feline subtlety of his portrayal of Emperor Joseph II, brother of Marie Antoinette. Here are the mean, mangling whims of absolute power expressed by a man with a tongue of silk and a tone-deaf brain. In some ways, he is Peter Shaffer's most exquisitely precise creation of the evening. —*By T.E. Kalem*

Bleak House

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN
by Henrik Ibsen

This play may carry a jinx. Each of the infrequent attempts to stage it in the U.S. in the past quarter-century has proved monumentally inert, and the present production at Broadway's Circle in the Square is no exception. *Borkman* is a wintry drama, a sort of autopsy of blanched ruined lives.

The hero, played by E.G. Marshall, was once the head of a great bank. He embezzled funds in a desperate move to protect his depositors, was caught out and spent five years in prison. For the past eight years he has paced an upper room in his bleak house, unspoken to by his wife Gunhild (Rosemary Murphy) as he broods over past wounds and dreams of an illusory comeback.

The bank is not all that John Gabriel has destroyed. He jilted the only woman he loved, Gunhild's twin sister Ella Rentheim (Irene Worth) in order to climb the ladder of success. Dying of an unnamed malady, Ella returns to claim the Borkmans' son Erhart (Freddie Lehne), whom she had reared during Borkman's disgrace. Gunhild wants him to redress the family honor. In a bitter confrontation scene, the two sisters drink from the cup of the past as if it were vitriol on ice.

Erhart has a more intoxicating idea, like eloping with a pert divorcee (Patricia Cray Lloyd). The desolate John Gabriel wanders out into the snow to die, and the sisters clasp hands of reconciliation over his body. Marshall, Murphy and Worth do the best that able professionals can with their roles, but this production rarely gives them much scope. —*T.E.K.*

Worth, Marshall and Murphy in *Borkman*

Drinking vitriol from the cup of the past.

Invasion of the Mind Snatcher

ALTERED STATES *Directed by Ken Russell; Screenplay by Sidney Aaron*

Director Ken Russell

This one has everything: sex, violence, comedy, thrills, tenderness. It's an anthology and apotheosis of American pop movies: *Frankenstein, Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Nutty Professor, 2001, Alien, Love Story.* It opens at fever pitch and then starts soaring—into genetic fantasy, into a precognitive dream of delirium and delight. Madness is its subject and substance, style and spirit. The film changes tone, even form, with its hero's every new mood and mutation. It expands and contracts with his mind until both almost crack. It keeps threatening to go bonkers, then makes good on its threat, and still remains as lucid as an aerialist on a high wire. It moves with the loping energy of a crafty psychopath, or of film makers gripped with the potential of blowing the moviegoer's mind out through his eyes and ears. Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to *Altered States.*

Eddie Jessup (William Hurt) is a professor at the Harvard Medical School. Years before, he had studied the nature of schizophrenia by immersing his subjects—and later himself—in a dark tank of warm water. Now, continuing his experiment under the apprehensive eyes of his wife Emily (Blair Brown) and his colleagues (Bob Balaban and Charles Haid), Eddie determines that "our other states of consciousness are as real as our waking states. And that reality can be externalized." He imagines, or remembers, himself as primitive man; he becomes that lithe, voracious ape-human. He views the birth of the world, of the soul; he enters into it, becomes it. Clearly, the experiments of this modern mad scientist have got out of hand —and too far into himself. Can he return? This is a question whose application here can be debated and debunked by those familiar with the work of Dr. John Lilly, the behavioral scientist whose use of tank therapy prefigured Eddie's. But most moviegoers will be enthralled by the fiction in this dazzling piece of science fiction.

Still, this is a love story? Yes: of man as the eternally curious child and woman as the maternal source and resource. It is also, implicitly, the story of Jesus and Mary. Eddie is consumed by the dream of transcendence, of return to the modern godhead of the self. He is off on a perilous trip down through the memory of the race, and his only connection to reality is the umbilical cord of his need and, finally, his love for Emily. He often curls naked into her side as if wounded, seeking succor, reliving the *Pietà.* Again and again, Eddie dies and is reborn; each time he finds the action frightening, and "supremely satisfying." At the end, the couple fuse and are redeemed through the power of love. *Altered States* opens in New York and Los Angeles on Christmas Day.

Emily (Blair Brown) comforts Eddie (William Hurt) after his experiment goes awry

Word on word, thought on thought, image on image: too much is just enough.

One expected some kind of combustion from the meeting of those sacred zanies, Paddy Chayefsky and Ken Russell, but one hardly dared hope it would be so splendid. Chayefsky had already veered from the nice-guy naturalism of *Marty,* onto the fast track of madhouse satire: *The Hospital* and *Network.* As for Russell, he was always the cinema's dilly Dali, running amuck through the lives of the great composers like a hyperactive adolescent, bull-whipping his characters to altered states of frenzy. When Russell took over the direction of Chayefsky's screenplay, irresistible force met immovable object, and the force was with Russell. Distressed by the intensity of the performances and the headlong pace at which the actors read his dialogue, Chayefsky took his name off the script and replaced it with the pseudonym Sidney Aaron (his actual given names)

It is still, in great part, his movie. Nobody else can move from behavioral parody to dead-serious paranoia the way Chayefsky did with *Network.* In *Altered States* he has gone further, higher, conceptualizing great notions like a tragic tenor in an orgiastic Rand opera. And no one else can overwrite as Chayefsky can. His characters are endlessly reflective and articulate, spitting out litanies of adjectives, geysers of abstract nouns, chemical chains of relative clauses. Says Emily of Eddie: "Reality to him is only that which is changeless, immutably constant." (A double redundancy! "That which!") And yet Chayefsky's voluptuous verbosity is a welcome antidote to all those recent dialogues of the carnalites—movies in which brutal characters speak only words of one syllable and four letters. Chayefsky's people are scientists in the throes of conceptual passion; they have built their careers on —and are ready to sacrifice themselves for —their ideas. Verbal and sensory overload is the strategy of *Altered States:* it layers word on word, thought on thought, image on spectacular image. Too much here is just enough.

The movie is also, and ultimately, Russell's. He succeeded Arthur Penn as director, with a cast of unknowns chosen by Penn, and gets an erotic, neurotic charge from the talking-heads scenes that recall Penn at his best. From William Hurt he got something more: a star performance of contorted intensity, mandarin charm and sleek sensuality. Russell's direction of actors and camera has never been so cagey, so controlled, so alive to the nuances of language and personality. Orchestrating the efforts of a superb production team—and of the reluctant Mr. Chayefsky—Russell has devised a film experience that will astound some viewers, outrage others and bore nobody. Laugh with it, scream at it, think about it. You may leave the theater in an altered state.

—By Richard Corliss

Marlon Brando as an oil tycoon

Calculations

THE FORMULA
Directed by John Avildsen
Screenplay by Steve Shagan

"Is that him?" "Naw, can't be." "Sure it is. Listen." "By golly, I think you're right."

Once Marlon Brando's disguise has been penetrated and the great eccentric has been identified, such suspense as *The Formula* manages to generate comes to an abrupt and early end, though whatever fun and frolic the film offers depends solely on his occasional presence as the comically menacing leader of an oil cartel. Perhaps one should say *the* oil cartel. The movie traffics heavily in this kind of simple-minded paranoia. It insists that evil lurks in a single all-powerful force possessing the power to warp men's minds, condition their behavior and, of course, bump them off wherever they live in the world and whenever, over the course of many years, it suits the conspiracy's purpose.

For the record, Brando is the character wearing granny glasses and a hearing aid, the one whose fringe of white hair curls cunningly around a large bald spot and whose corpulence is encased in a wardrobe that seems to have been picked up at a thrift sale managed by the estate of Charles Foster Kane. Brando has also got himself up with a down-home country-boy accent that makes his cynicism terribly appealing—especially in the bloody and lugubrious context of this emotionally unpunctuated movie. His performance is not truly good—it lacks a real edge of sharpness—but it is often funny, a kind of comment on the heavy-handedness of the film.

The title formula is for a synthetic fuel invented by Nazi scientists. The conceit is that it has been kept off the market since World War II by the oil interests in order to keep up the price of crude. A sometime Los Angeles cop and his wife are killed when it looks as if they are about to go public with the secret. The search for their killers—and the precious equations they were killed for—leads Detective George C. Scott to Germany and Switzerland and to involvement not only with remnants of the Third Reich but with modern terrorists as well, among them Marthe Keller, who is assigned to seduce and then betray Scott.

It is all terribly convoluted, but not especially interesting; John Avildsen's direction alternates between flatness and strain. Scott gives an imitation of his old force, but there is a lack of conviction in his playing that is, perhaps, understandable. If he is going to make this kind of film, he should learn from Brando how to take the money and hide out behind the makeup. As for Keller, she is just impossible, an actress whose monotony of tone dims everything she touches.

Like so many movies and books that try to graft topical subject matter onto the obsessive mass-market interest in the Nazi past, *The Formula* requires too much exposition. By the time all the improbable explanations for its linkages between a fast-receding past and today's headlines have been laid out, all the false trails explored, the action lies buried under a pile of verbiage. It used to be that detective stories were lean and laconic. The attempt to give them spurious importance by having them address what are thought to be big subjects is ruining them. They really must get back to their Bogartian basics.

—By Richard Schickel

Off the Wall

THE MIRROR CRACK'D
Directed by Guy Hamilton
Screenplay by Jonathan Hales and Barry Sandler

The news from the Bide-A-Wee home for semiretired movie stars of the '50s is that, all things considered, most of the folks are as lively as crickets. Liz and Rock, Kim and Tony and, of course, dear Angela, all seem enthusiastic about putting their slightly thickened selves on public display so that older members of the audience can check their memories of what once was with what now is, and youngsters can peer quizzically at their parents and speculate on the basis for such odd enthusiasms.

The vehicle for this where-are-they-now exercise is an Agatha Christie mystery about a director and a star (Hudson and Taylor), who are married. They descend on Miss Marple's village, circa 1953, there to take up residence while working on a movie intended as the star's comeback after a miscarriage and a nervous breakdown. One of the locals is murdered at a reception they give, and a little later the director's secretary succumbs in unpleasant circumstances. Miss Marple, the spinster sleuth—played agreeably by Lansbury in a more subdued style than is her custom or that of her glorious predecessor in the role, Margaret Rutherford—solves the case, almost by remote control.

Angela Lansbury as Miss Marple

It is not, as it happens, a very good case. The explanation of motives and methods is rather more strained than one expects from a Christie story. In the adaptation there are, as well, a number of loose ends left flapping about. Guy Hamilton's direction is languid, and, perhaps because of budgetary reasons, both the backgrounds of scenes and the sound track have an odd emptiness about them, a deadness that suggests there was not enough money to fill them up with suitably enlivening bustle and buzz.

But one suspects that the mystery was just an excuse, an occasion for the writing team to get off a lot of good, if rather broad show-biz jokes. Taylor and Novak, who plays her co-star and longtime rival, have a bitchy catfight, full of gags about having two faces and two chins. Then there is Curtis as a relentlessly crass producer. "Get me the Coast!" he shouts into the phone at an uncomprehending English operator. Pause, and then an anguished yelp: "What do you mean, which coast?" But perhaps the high point of this nonsense comes when Taylor, who appears to be an awfully good sport, is musing before her mirror: "Bags, bags go away. Come again on Doris Day."

This sort of thing will almost certainly offend Christie purists, and it may puzzle those few remaining gentlefolk who are uninterested in the offstage carryings-on of picture people. But the film does capture, in satirically exaggerated tones, certain recognizable film types and the hyperbolic, hyperactive way they address one another during the many waiting-around hours their peculiar occupations impose upon them. This does not entirely compensate for the short weight this picture gives mystery fans or for its technical shoddiness. But the good lines make *Mirror* more fun to watch than it has any right to be.

—R.S.

Law

Closing an FBI Crime Case

A message to the bureau about constitutional rights

In a packed federal courtroom in Washington last week, the many retired FBI agents on hand chorused an audible sigh of relief. That was when Judge William Bryant announced the sentences for two former top agents convicted on Nov. 6 for their roles in approving illegal break-ins during the Nixon Administration in the early 1970s. Found by a jury to have conspired to violate citizens' Fourth Amendment rights to be free from unreasonable searches and seizures, W. Mark Felt, 67, who had been the FBI's deputy director, and Edward S. Miller, 52, once its chief of domestic intelligence, could have been given ten years and $10,000 fines. But Bryant chose not to jail them. Instead he fined Felt $5,000 and Miller $3,500.

The sentencing came after the Justice Department dropped the charge against a co-conspirator in the case, L. Patrick Gray III, acting FBI director from May 1972 to April 1973, and also ended a five-year probe aimed at scores of FBI men suspected of abusing their power. That effort grew out of the bureau's drive to track down the 30 or more known members of the Weather Underground, a left-wing group responsible for dozens of Viet Nam–era bombings. A New York City–based FBI unit called Squad 47 broke into the homes of innocent relatives and friends of the fugitive radicals seeking clues to their whereabouts. Sometimes dressed as telephone repairmen, they would pick locks or buy keys from landlords and, once inside, photograph diaries, letters and other documents. The burglaries would be cleared in advance with Miller, who got approval from Felt. Though Squad 47 conducted at least 20 such "black-bag jobs," the sleuthing did not turn up any Weather Underground people, although some have voluntarily surfaced in the past months.

Though the Justice probe of unconstitutional acts implicated 68 present or former FBI agents, more than half got immunity from prosecution in exchange for their cooperation; cases against nine others were scrapped, and six received token administrative punishment. The charge against Gray, 64, was dropped because key witnesses changed their stories before trial, and damaging testimony expected in the Felt-Miller proceedings never materialized. Gray called the prosecution "malicious" and said he might sue the Government to recover his six-figure legal fees and to get compensation for the harm he has suffered. He, Felt and Miller can count on some aid from an ex-agents' organization that has raised more than $1 million to pay their lawyers' bills.

Ex-Agents Edward Miller and Mark Felt

Conviction was almost punishment enough.

Gray, who left the FBI after reports of his involvement in the destruction of Watergate evidence (specifically, the burning of files removed from Howard Hunt's office safe), was the scapegoat for Felt and Miller in their trial. They insisted that he had authorized the break-ins. To try to prove that Gray had that power, defense lawyers put five former Attorneys General and Richard Nixon on the stand. Though Judge Bryant did not explain his sentences, he may have decided that what Felt called the "serious blemish" of conviction was nearly ample punishment. Bryant, says Deputy Attorney General Charles Renfrew, "apparently felt that they had been punished and that the message had gone out that constitutional rights would be protected, even from those at the highest level."

Despite the good news last week, the legal battles are far from over for Felt and Miller. They plan to appeal and, more important, they must prepare for a string of civil suits brought by those whose homes were broken into. ■

Milestones

DIED. Peter Gregg, 40, U.S. driver who had dominated sports-car racing since 1971; of a self-inflicted gunshot wound; in St. Johns County, Fla. Gregg, who drove modified Porsches to victory in 47 races and six annual championships of the International Motor Sports Association, once said: "Winning is no longer that important. I just don't want these other guys to win."

DIED. Elston Howard, 51, versatile slugger who was one of the pioneering blacks in baseball's major leagues; of cardiac arrest; in New York City. In 1955, eight years after Jackie Robinson breached the game's color barrier by joining the Brooklyn Dodgers, Howard became the first black to play with the New York Yankees. After 13 seasons with the Yanks and one with the Boston Red Sox, he returned to Yankee Stadium as the American League's first black coach.

DIED. Alexei Kosygin, 76, longtime Soviet Premier who with Leonid Brezhnev and Nikolai Podgorny formed the "troika" that wrested power from Nikita Khrushchev in 1964; of a heart attack; in Moscow (*see* WORLD).

DIED. Richard G. Drew, 81, Minnesota-born inventor who in 1930, as a laboratory assistant for what is now the 3M Co., combined a glue and glycerin stickum with a strip of transparent cellophane to form Scotch tape; in Santa Barbara, Calif.

DIED. Harland Sanders, 90, the goateed "colonel" who founded the Kentucky Fried Chicken fast-food chain, which now has 6,000 outlets in 48 countries; of pneumonia; in Louisville. Sanders ran a popular restaurant in rural Corbin, Ky., for 27 years before setting out in 1956 in his trademark white suits and black string ties to sell franchised eateries serving chicken parts laced with a secret blend of herbs and spices and pressure-cooked for 12 min. In 1964 he sold the business for $2 million to Nashville Businessmen Jack Massey and John Y. Brown Jr., now Kentucky's Democratic Governor; seven years later they peddled the chain to Heublein Inc. for an estimated $287 million in stock. Sanders, who stayed on at KFC Corp. as a $125,000-a-year consultant, never lost his sizzle. On occasion he would tour a KFC franchise and, if dissatisfied, tell newsmen that, say, the mashed potatoes tasted like "wallpaper paste."

DIED. Ben Travers, 94, British playwright whose comedies about rational people struggling with outrageous circumstances tickled audiences for five decades; in London. Travers kept the laughs coming right up to 1976, when at 89 he staged *The Bed Before Yesterday*, a hit sex farce starring Joan Plowright.

NOW

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A Lively, Profitable World of Kid Lit

Stories to please critics who neither fake laughs nor suppress yawns

In 1700 a new kind of volume appeared in New England: *A Token for Children*. The subtitle of America's first juvenile book was less inviting—*Being an Exact Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives and Joyful Deaths of Several Young Children*.

In the intervening centuries, the very young remained much the same: still struck with wonder, jubilation and fear. It is children's books that have changed.

Once upon a time, those works were below the eye level of publishers as well as buyers. They were all right in their place, but their place was the end of the book review section, the bottom of the shelf and the back of the catalogue. Today that illustrated literature has become a $200 million business whose profits are often handsome enough to compensate for deficits in the sales of adult books. Says Frank Scioscia, sales manager for junior books at Harper & Row: "The children's book business has enjoyed a consistent increase in sales, even though school funds have dried up, inflation is hurting, and local funds are not available. Prose, poetry and pictures for the young may be paying the rent in many bookstores."

This dog-wagging tale is told by most publishers. Jack Artenstein, publisher of juvenile books and adult paperbacks at Simon & Schuster, finds that "the children's book business is stronger this year than any other year I've seen. The first half of the year juvenile hard-covers were up 8% and juvenile paperback sales up 63%."

Terrence Daniels, president of Western Publishing, is equally bullish: "Every year our Little Golden Books sell 35 million in the domestic market and about 10 million abroad in 90 different countries. This is a growth business."

The dollar is not the only sign. A majority of educators now recognize the value of written works for those ten and under. Knowing what children like and what books best serve to spur their curiosity is a field that is growing in importance. Says Harvard University's Howard Gardner: "The evolution has been tremendous. There is so much material out there that teachers have to have some sense of the world of children's literature."

To gain some sense, courses in "kid lit" are becoming part of the curriculum at most major universities. The adult who was once the main focus of medical and psychological scrutiny now has a competitor. Today, says Historian Philip Ariès, "our world is obsessed by the physical, moral and sexual problems of childhood."

In *The Uses of Enchantment*, Psychologist Bruno Bettelheim addresses those problems by examining the implications of fairy tales. Weary of bedtime books that ignore or sugar-coat the real world, Bettelheim ransacks the stories for Freudian subtexts. In his view the Oedipal drama plays itself out in the giants that Jack slays and in the demands of scheming stepmothers. "While it entertains the child," he concludes, "the fairy tale enlightens him about himself, and fosters his personality development." The psychologist does not neglect aesthetics: "Fairy tales are unique not only as a form of literature, but as works of art which are fully comprehensible to the child, as no other form of art is."

Isaac Bashevis Singer goes further. In his Nobel Prize address he cites ten reasons why he writes for the young:

"1. Children read books, not reviews. They don't give a hoot about the critics.

2. Children don't read to find their identity.

3. They don't read to free themselves of guilt, to quench their thirst for rebellion, or to get rid of alienation.

4. They have no use for psychology.

5. They detest sociology.

6. They don't try to understand Kafka or *Finnegans Wake*.

7. They still believe in God, the family, angels, devils, witches, goblins, logic, clarity, punctuation, and other such obsolete stuff.

8. They love interesting stories, not commentary, guides or footnotes.

9. When a book is boring, they yawn openly, without any shame or fear of authority.

10. They don't expect their beloved writer to redeem humanity. Young as they are, they know that it is not in his power. Only adults have such childish illusions."

Singer is not the only contemporary "serious" writer to have sought a small audience. Novelists and poets like John Updike, Randall Jarrell, Alison Lurie, John Gardner, Elizabeth Janeway and Ursula Le Guin have produced exemplary children's books. Of course, scholars and artists are not new to the libraries of kid lit. A generation ago, Essayist E.B. White composed his classics *Stuart Little* and *Charlotte's Web*, and Humorist James Thurber wrote *The Thirteen Clocks*, just as, a decade before, Oxford Don J.R.R. Tolkien had written *The Hobbit*, and before him, another Oxonian, Lewis Carroll, had produced the Alice books. But seldom have parents and children been offered such a multitude of first-rate works (*see box*) along with the customary flood. Such volumes are candidates for two librarians' awards of growing importance in the industry: the Randolph J. Caldecott Medal, named for a prominent 19th century illustrator and given "for recognition of the most distinguished American picture book for children"; and the John Newbery Medal, named after the 18th century printer and bookseller who is the "father" of children's books in English and given "for recognition of the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children." Both awards are worth more than prestige; a dust jacket carrying a Caldecott or Newbery medallion promises a sales increase of more than 100,000 copies.

Clearly, the best of these writers and illustrators apprehend the power of Ingmar Bergman's insight: "All of us collect fortunes when we are children —a fortune of colors, of lights and darkness, of movements, of tensions. Some of us have the fantastic chance to

Painting for TIME by Marvin Mattelson

A baby is kidnaped by gnomes and a changeling is left in her place, while a big sister plays on in Maurice Sendak's *Outside Over There*

go back to his fortune when grown up."

For children—and parents—books are both the instruments of fortune and the vehicles of return. From those pages, most boys and girls sample their first rhymes and games, their initial sense of the miraculous: talking animals, furniture that sings, commoners made into kings and queens, and everyday life charged with the tragedy of loss and the humor of discovery. Which is why the jingles of Dr. Seuss have outlasted the prescriptions of Dr. Spock, and the works of the dean of American illustrators, Maurice Sendak *(see box)*, have been accorded the kind of international recognition and retrospection normally reserved for artists like Matisse and Picasso.

For book collectors, children's literature used to exert the same appeal as children's aspirin. Recalls Book Dealer Raymond Wapner: "They were referred to as 'kiddie books,' looked upon with disdain. Then Sotheby's started devoting a small part of its sales to children's books. Today investors pay thousands for a single illustration or a first edition. People realize that great artistry has gone into these works and that those who write and illustrate the books have an enormous effect."

The financial and emotional potential of juvenilia is now so great that publishers are inundated with manuscripts—most of them destined for the return mail. "At Harper & Row," reports Vice President Charlotte Zolotow, "we receive over 8,000 manuscripts a year, some of them from children. Out of the batch, only about 70 are published." The ratio is not very different from those of other major firms, which can only advise their applicants to join what Zolotow calls "the revolution. There used to be too much sweetness and light in children's books. Now we look for real emotion—love, hate, jealousy, loss, separation. A good writer gives shape and form to an experience that is otherwise baffling to a child."

Barbara Lucas, editor in chief of the children's book department of Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, looks for new authors with "a knack of being able to go back to childhood, not just look back." Author-Illustrator Arnold Lobel, who seems to have that knack, advises writers to produce "a well-constructed story that has a clear logic and structure that works. Remember that a book for a boy or girl has to bear reading many, many times."

If this consuming interest is recent, the effect of children's literature has always been there. Writers of the dread volumes of early America knew their readership well. Their puritanical tracts deliberately terrified the little colonials with warnings of disorder and early sorrow. With good reason. Plagues frequently carried off whole populations, and as headstones in the old cemeteries testify, hardly an 18th century family was exempt from the fatal fevers of childbed and youth.

But by mid-century, children were looked upon as far more than short, and often short-lived, candidates for damnation. Education and moral training were conveyed through small pages designed for

The Children's Picture Book

Erna Voight's illustration for a dramatic moment in Prokofiev's musical fable *Peter and the Wolf*

big eyes. The imagery of oral tradition found an outlet in the illustrations for Mother Goose and Aesop. In the 1750s London Publisher John Newbery issued a Juvenile Library with pared-down versions of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*. By the 19th century, such works had made their way to the New World, where the young were transfixed by the pictures of the Fox and his sour grapes and the Lilliputians surrounding their beached giant. The great caricaturist George Cruikshank produced such memorable illustrations for tales and novels that Connoisseur John Ruskin appraised them as "the finest things next to Rembrandt that have been done since etching was invented."

Fables

With Dickens' Little Nell, literature began to sentimentalize the child into something too good for this world. Notes British Art Historian William Feaver: "After *The Old Curiosity Shop*, the cult of childhood ... became endemic. If babies are cherubs, the theory went, then little girls are angels and angels are fairies and fantasy a form of spiritual rebirth. There was a great demand for paintings of fairies, which smart painters ... hastened to satisfy." The reverberations can still be seen in some saccharine books merchandised in gift shops, and obviously designed more for doting relatives than for children.

The Alice books proved an ideal antidote to the treacle that threatened to drown juvenile literature. Like all jokes, Carroll's nonsense verse, his encouragement to "speak roughly to your little boy and beat him when he sneezes," liberated children from the chains of cause and effect, and his Mad Hatter and March Hare, immortalized by Sir John Tenniel's illustrations, reintroduced literate laughter to the Victorian nursery. It has never stopped.

Soon afterward, art broke through the halls of museums and galleries and made its way to the library. Painters Maxfield Parrish and Edmund Dulac brought the soft-focus colors and atmosphere of the Pre-Raphaelite movement to their books. By the turn of the century, the four-color printing process became an economic alternative to lithography. Tipped-in pages showed a new wealth of detail: Arthur Rackham's peopled trees and magic dwarfs were the new favorites, and hints of Continental expressionism and art nouveau showed in the work of Lyonel Feininger and Kay Nielsen; N.C. Wyeth painted oceans that seemed to swell on the page, and Howard Pyle's illustrations of Robin Hood influenced three generations of moviemakers.

Aries gambols in *The Heavenly Zoo*

An Artist

Although adventure stories attracted the most ambitious illustrators, young children turned elsewhere for their deepest fantasies. Reminiscing about his early years, George Orwell noted, "Most of the good memories of my childhood ... are in some way connected with animals." Millions of adult Americans can echo his sentiments. But their animals were not zoo creatures or household pets. They were the fauna of imaginative literature: the classic tales of Mother Goose and Aesop, plus the new additions: Beatrix Potter's Peter Rabbit, the Pushmi-Pullyu of Dr Dolittle, Dr. Seuss's manic Cat in the Hat, Winnie-the-Pooh, the whimsical elephant Babar, and, when Walt Disney

reversed the customary procedure of story into film, the book-length adventures of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

Today, animals and quasi-animals remain a child's earliest modes of transportation to the province of fantasy. Sesame Street, whose pervasive commercialism makes Disney's appear dwarfish, provides a world of tactile monsters; Sendak's night creatures and Arnold Lobel's Homeric tales of friendship between Frog and Toad, Dr. Seuss's Zizzer-Zazzer-Zuzz, Richard Scarry's Best Mother Goose Ever, and the omnipresent Snoopy and Woodstock are leaders in a procession that could populate a fleet of arks. Still, if anything appears with a tail or a mane, a small human is usually waiting in the wings. It is those child-heroes and heroines who become the first extraparental guides to the world outside the front door, and the main competitor to television's inanities.

Oddly enough, even with the erosion of family life and the advent of electronic baby sitters, books still manage to provide the lessons of life for millions of minors. According to Theodor Geisel (a.k.a. Dr. Seuss), "The time taken to watch the screen certainly detracts from time to read books. But the paradox is that good kids' books are selling more than ever." Indeed, the broken rhythms of television seem to have encouraged certain forms of literature. "Ten years ago," says Poet and Critic Karla Kuskin, "when I read verse to third-graders their attention span seemed even shorter than usual. Today they seem attracted to the concentrated image and the fragmented line."

Society's altered states have brought unpredictable caroms. Western Publishing's Daniels notes, "More women are working, and there are more surrogate parents. They're paying more attention to their children's development and to the books they buy. More children have two sets of parents—and two sets of books."

This is not to say that all is dragon-free in the world of children's literature. The fragmentation of the nuclear family, the new consciousness of black and women's history and of human rights in general have engendered a series of "problem books" that confuse as often as they enlighten. Lower reading scores have been reported in grade schools throughout the country. And although specialists regard children's literature as a rich and complex genre, its artists and writers are too frequently appraised by critics as a species of emotional retards.

"We who work on children's books inhabit a sort of literary *shtetl*," says Sendak. "When I won a prize for *Wild Things*, my father spoke for a great many critics when he asked whether I would now be allowed to work on 'real' books." It is a complaint voiced by almost all his colleagues. Their books may be of shorter than usual length, and child centered. But they are not child*ish*, and most are as serious as any adult novel or history. It was because of the patronizing attitudes that greeted her work that Beatrix Potter denied creating for the young: "I write to please myself," she insisted. And P.L. Travers, creator of Mary Poppins, sardonically concurred: "I didn't write for children at all ... the idea simply didn't enter my head. I am bound to assume that there is such a field as children's books—I hear about it so often—but I wonder if it is a valid one or whether it has not been created less by writers than by publishers and booksellers. I am always astonished when I see books labeled 'From 5 to 7' or 'From 9 to 12,' because who is to know what child will be moved by what book and at what age? Who is to be the judge?"

Even the masterpieces are constantly swamped by competitors with pretentious texts or gaudy illustrations aimed to snag an adult's wallet, not a child's mind. For success breeds venality, and many a publisher acts on the principle that the small change in piggy banks is just as negotiable as the currency in vaults. That money has recently made publishers more willing to experiment with packaging than with fresh content. Books that float in the tub, or smell of perfume when they are scratched, or assume the shapes of trains, or pop up with paper cutouts, can take the place of stories that children need to frame their perceptions of life. "It is virtually impossible to earn a living at writing for children unless you're well established," says Arnold Lobel, 47. "The only people who can still do it are us old guys." Even the superficially attractive books have their drawbacks, says Richard Scarry, whose volumes have sold over 80 million copies in 27 languages. "Some are too sophisticated. The illustrations may be good enough for framing. But they really aren't children's books. The text is either too demanding for youngsters or not on their wave length. Children want stories to satisfy their natural curiosity."

If beauty is only scan deep, how can the buyer beware? The best arbiters of children's books are still, as I.B. Singer says, the children who can neither fake a laugh or suppress a snore. It is they who will be formed by the pages they hold in their hands and in their minds. It is they who will decide which books will be read over and over and which will lie neglected until the next garage sale.

"In childhood," Graham Greene observed, "all books are books of divination telling us about the future, and like the fortuneteller who sees a long journey in the cards or death by water they influence the future." This child-centered season is only a small portion of that future. A book should be a permanent gift, not a onetime matter. This week and all weeks it is well to remember that what children read from Christmas to New Year's is not nearly as important as what they read from New Year's to Christmas. —*By Stefan Kanfer*

Tops for Tots

Publishers and children, like the rest of the world, are always in search of the perfect ending. For them, these blends of text and illustration, all published during 1980, seem destined to live happily ever after:

• *The Unique World of Mitsumasa Anno: Selected Works (1968 to 1977)*; Philomel Books; $19.95. Visual puns, puzzles, games and tricks by the Escher of Japan.

• *Fables* by Arnold Lobel; Harper & Row; $8.95. A superstar of the genre continues the work of the fabulous Aesop.

• *Gorky Rises* by William Steig; Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $10.95. As a frog learns to fly he gives lessons in pure delight.

• *Dogs and Dragons, Trees and Dreams* by Karla Kuskin; Harper & Row; $8.95. A sparkling poet introduces the astonishments and rewards of reading and writing verse.

• *Unbuilding* by David Macaulay; Houghton Mifflin Co.; $9.95. An architect shows how a skyscraper—the Empire State Building—is dismantled floor by floor. Smashing.

• *The Heavenly Zoo* by Alison Lurie; pictures by Monika Beisner; Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $9.95. The story of the constellations, told by a novelist who never looks down at her subject or on her audience.

• *Peter and the Wolf*; illustrated by Erna Voigt; David R. Godine; $10. Prokofiev's merry tale *sans* music but accompanied by glowing comic illustrations.

• *An Artist* by M.B. Goffstein; Harper & Row; $7.95. A sly introduction to art through the life of a little painter who looks very much like Monet.

• *The Children's Picture Book* by Ernest Nister; Delacorte Press; $6.95. Reproduction of an 1896 pop-up book, featuring a cat academy, a duck militia and a three-dimensional supporting cast.

• *A Child's Christmas in Wales* by Dylan Thomas; illustrated by Edward Ardizzone; David R. Godine; $10.95. Two masters re-create a vanished world of Christmas Day in a small Welsh town.

The Land of the Young

At 52, Maurice Sendak has become America's master illustrator. Almost all of the 78 books he has written or decorated are still in print. Some, like *A Hole Is to Dig, Where the Wild Things Are, Higglety Pigglety Pop! Or There Must Be More to Life,* and *The Nutshell Library,* are contemporary classics; all are collector's items.

Most of his drawings are in the possession of the Rosenbach Foundation in Philadelphia; the few that come up for sale fetch prices of up to $12,000 each. For a man who describes himself as "a solitary and an agonizingly slow worker," Sendak has had an uncharacteristically gregarious year. He oversaw the printing of his new book, *Outside Over There,* to be published this spring, aided in the production of his off-Broadway musical *Really Rosie,* designed sets for the Houston Opera's version of *The Magic Flute* and is at work on the New York City Opera's American premiere of Janáček's *The Cunning Little Vixen.* In addition, he has been making appearances in bookstores to sign copies of a coffee-table retrospective, *The Art of Maurice Sendak,* by Selma G. Lanes. In the midst of this hectic schedule he paused for breath in his bachelor retreat in rural Connecticut and reminisced with New York Bureau Chief Peter Stoler:

THOMAS VICTOR

Maurice Sendak surrounded by a crowd of the wild things

Maurice Sendak derives much of his creativity from two early sources, a photograph of his bearded patriarchal grandfather ("I thought he was the image of God") and Mickey Mouse. "Mickey was born the same year I was," says the artist, who has the beard of a prophet and the astonished look of Disney's creation. "I keep acknowledging Mickey and my grandfather in my work." Much of that work is filled with private references: the bakery of his Brooklyn childhood is the scene of *In the Night Kitchen,* where another early hero, Oliver Hardy, is hard at work. The child's name is Mickey, in honor of Disney's rodent. The fearful, cheerful creatures in one of his best-known books recall adult visitors almost half a century ago: "They'd say, 'You're so cute I could eat you up.' And I knew if my mother didn't hurry up with the cooking, they probably would. So, on one level at least, you could say that the *Wild Things* are Jewish relatives." At first those relatives were not encouraging to young Maurice. He remembers being "a miserable kid who excelled neither scholastically nor athletically." But he could draw, and he could read. When he was six, he collaborated on a book with his older brother, and when his big sister gave him books for birthday presents, he found a land as new as the one his Polish immigrant parents had sought.

The first real book he received was Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper:* "It smelled so good, I remember trying to bite it. My passion for books and bookmaking started then." The passion had to wait 13 years before it was gratified. Sendak graduated from Brooklyn's Lafayette High School, attended art classes at night and supported himself by building window displays for F.A.O. Schwarz's famous toy store. His work caught the attention of an editor at Harper & Brothers, and at 22 he garnered his first assignment, illustrations for *The Wonderful Farm* by Marcel Ayme. From then on, there was no looking forward. By the time he was 34, Sendak had illustrated more than 50 children's books. Even the youngest readers soon perceived the maturing Sendak style: meticulous crosshatching, stories and colors that charted the leaping congruities of dreams, and an elliptical use of humor in unexpected places—a smiling star, a flying boy, alligators that dress up like lions—and, always, the omnipresence of babies.

"I grew up when there was a lot of focus on babies," Sendak recalls. "They loom very large in my life." Large is too small a word. The frontispiece for Grimm's *Fairy Tales* shows a baby so huge it dwarfs six adults who hover around him for warmth and strength. Such exaggerations are further references to the personal past. "When I was a child," the artist says, "there was a lot of talk about the Lindbergh kidnaping. There was also a tremendous amount of attention paid to the Dionne quintuplets." Both events are allusions in Sendak's new work. The goblins of *Outside Over There* use a ladder similar to the one Bruno Richard Hauptmann supposedly used to steal the Lindbergh baby, and when the heroine finds her little sister, it is in a cave with four other infants who bear an uncoincidental resemblance to the Dionnes of 1934. This sometime preoccupation with the Freudian grotesque has brought Sendak criticism as well as approbation. The usually indulgent *Publisher's Weekly* found *Wild Things* "frightening," and Bruno Bettelheim judged its account of punishment (off to bed alone and without supper) to be a combination of "the worst desertions that can threaten a child." *In the Night Kitchen* also found itself on the couch. Some librarians, disturbed by the book's display of frontal nudity, provided the child-hero with a painted-on diaper. Sendak was particularly piqued by a German reviewer who saw the child who will not be baked in the oven as "the symbol of the Jew who refused to be annihilated. And of course he saw the Oliver Hardy figure as Hitler. It sounds as if he was the one who had problems, not me."

Outside, with its Renaissance palette, its baby snatching and undraped newborns is certain to draw more psychosexual analysis. The crossfire is not likely to affect Sendak's life or style. After 35 years of remarkable work he is more preoccupied with the inside than the outside over there. Recently he watched a father carrying his young son in a backpack. The father stopped suddenly and the child bumped his head. "For an instant," the artist remembers, "it looked as if the child were about to cry. Then his head snapped backward, the kid stared at the sky open-mouthed, and his face broke into this great goofy grin. I imagined how he felt. He didn't know that what he was looking at was the sky or that the color was called blue. He only knew that it was beautiful. And I thought, God, just let me be in touch with that baby's feelings."

It is an answered prayer. For Sendak, visiting the land of the very young is not something that requires a visa. He is a permanent citizen.

"This Is a God I Can Trust"

Joni Eareckson's special ministry for the disabled

"What really annoys me is this attitude many people have that your life doesn't count if you don't have a successful job, you're not married or are not physically attractive. There's a cheapness about the value of human life in our society that often shows itself in the way many folks treat handicapped people." These are sharp words, especially coming from a young woman who is a successful commercial artist, a bestselling author and the star of a two-hour, $2 million film version of her life that is being shown all over the U.S.

Joni (pronounced Johnny) Eareckson doesn't suffer the kind of deformity that causes people to point or stare. With her pretty girl-next-door looks, radiant smile, and pert, no-nonsense personality, she is a popular speaker on the Evangelical Protestant celebrity circuit and to nonreligious groups. As she readily admits, she is treated better than most of her fellow disabled Americans. But Joni Eareckson, 31, is totally paralyzed from the neck down.

MICHAEL BRESSLER

Eareckson (in wheelchair, left) leading California seminar

The summer after she graduated as the "Most Athletic Girl" at a suburban Baltimore high school, she broke her neck in a 1967 diving accident. "Somebody has to bathe me and brush my hair and feed me," she says. "In a sense, success for me is just getting up in the morning, looking at that wheelchair and saying, 'Yeah, it's still here.' "

During her first months in the hospital, she was so helpless that she could not even do what she longed to do—take her own life. She begged a girlfriend to do it for her several times, but the friend refused. Encased in a canvas Stryker frame, Eareckson felt life was meaningless. "All those yardsticks for success that had come to mean so much to me were shattered—being pretty and popular, dating the right guys." The first time she went shopping for clothes, "they just hung on me like a sack." After waves of depression and a phase of reading existentialists and atheists, she gradually came back to a deepened version of the orthodox Christianity in which she had been raised.

During years of tough rehabilitation, she taught herself to draw and paint, holding a pen or a brush between her teeth. Then came the speaking tours and writing, in which she uses her own faith to encourage the despairing and disabled. Last year she organized a national "ministry to those who suffer" called Joni and Friends. Based in Woodland Hills, Calif., it offers both spiritual and practical advice to as many as 2,000 letter writers each week.

During 1981, the United Nations' International Year of Disabled Persons, Eareckson's group will expand seminars to prod Americans into doing more to help this neglected minority. Eareckson consciously puts what she calls "the celebrity thing" to good use in this crusade. "Friends who are disabled look on me as a bridge between themselves and the able-bodied population who, for the most part, wouldn't give them the time of day."

WORLD WIDE PUBLICATIONS

Learning new way to draw (in film scene)

Don't sit around and wish for heaven.

She does not spare fellow Christians: "I hope God will use the handicapped to go up to some church members, put his finger on their souls and say, 'Look, you proud, pious people, wake up to the needs of people around you.' " She wants to get more of the disabled into the ordinary life of churches and train Christian volunteers as attendants for handicapped neighbors so they are not forced to live in institutions. Eareckson herself was fortunate in having a close-knit, well-off, loving family and a circle of young Evangelical friends. Today she lives with two staff members of her ministry.

In the evangelistic side of her work, Eareckson faces head-on the universal problem that is central to her life and as old as the *Book of Job:* If a loving God exists, why do the good and the apparently innocent suffer? After she wrote her autobiography *Joni* (1976), 120,000 letters poured in, mostly with variations on this question. She develops her thoughts in letters and low-key discussions with disabled patients. She also wrote a 1978 book on the issue, called *A Step Further* (Zondervan; $6.95). It is a plain-spoken version of points often made by Christian writers: for example, "If God's mind was small enough for me to understand, he wouldn't be God." The two books have sold more than 4 million copies. She is effective partly because she has been through so much pain herself.

Eventually she concluded, as most Christians do, that man cannot understand the whys and ways of God regarding pain, but that knowledge of Christ's life and suffering makes pain endurable. "The Bible underscored that I didn't have to hold on to the value that society placed on my life," she says. "Sometimes I can't stand being in a wheelchair, but then God's grace takes over. Even in my handicap, God has a plan and purpose for my life."

At one point she firmly believed that God would heal her miraculously. Today she thinks that "sometimes God may grant healings as a sneak preview of coming attractions, but they aren't guaranteed." She is reassured by belief that she will have a glorified body in heaven. But, she says, "I do not want to just sit around and wish for heaven."

In a pain-filled and skeptical age, Eareckson insists, "God began his earthly existence in a stinky stable. He got angry. He was lonely. He went without a place to call his own, abandoned by his closest friends. He wept real tears. This is a God I can trust. I know my tears count with him." —***By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by John Kohan/New York***

Essay

Is Reagan Dutch or O & W?

Familiarity breeds nicknames, so it stands to reason that the more we get to know President-elect Ronald Reagan, the more likely we are to call him by any other name. But which one? Mr. Reagan calls Mrs. Reagan "Mommie," and she him "Ronnie." According to the New York *Times,* Mr. Reagan's tailor, Frank Mariani, also calls him Ronnie ("Ronnie is rather conservative"). Should we too call him Ronnie? Or should we call him O & W? That evidently is a pet name reporters have given Mr. Reagan, abbreviating "oldest and wisest," an epithet that originated with Congressman Jack Kemp. "Hello, O & W" sounds a bit cumbersome, but it could be done. Then there's that "Dutch" business. Mr. Reagan's father (Jack) observed to Mr. Reagan's mother (Nelle) and brother (Moon) that baby Ronald looked like "a fat Dutchman." Mr. Reagan readily took to his nickname because he felt that Ronald was "a bit on the sissy side." So, should we call him Dutch? Dutch and Mommie?

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY MIKE WITTE

Granted, this is not the sort of problem that has the country's big thinkers in a tizzy, but perhaps nicknames count for more than they appear to. Harry Truman was lucky enough to have his given name sound like a nickname, so as President he had more than a nominal advantage. President Carter, on the other hand, strode into history on the announcement, "My name is Jimmy Carter, and I'm running for President." At first we thought we misheard him. Did he say Jimmy? Oh, there was Jimmy the Greek, oddly. And Jimmy Crackcorn, if you cared. And Jimmy Hoffa, somewhere. And Jimmy Durante, as the world knows. But could a U.S. President actually call himself Jimmy and get away with it?

As it turned out, the answer was no. By calling himself an adoring diminutive, Mr. Carter preempted any possible public urge to do the same. In our own good time we might have come to call him Jimmy, just as we called others before him Ike, Jack and Jerry. But since Mr. Carter took Jimmy for himself, he left no room for any spontaneous objective expression of affection. What followed was disaffection. Two years into the presidency, people not only were not calling him Jimmy, they were calling him Carter, almost always with a hard edge of distaste. Indeed, the entire history of this Administration may be read in the evolution from "Jimmy" to "Carter," one name, in a sense, being the polar opposite of the other.

The first law of nicknaming, then, is that the term must arise from the heart, from some irrepressible popular urge to bring a public figure closer to the family bosom. Britain's Margaret Thatcher was aided immeasurably in her campaign by being known as Maggie; "Ted" Heath and "Sunny Jim" Callaghan were similarly embraced. So was Rhodesia's Ian Smith, who was known as "Good Old Smitty" to his white supporters, if not to blacks or to Mrs. Smith. Thailand's former Prime Minister Kriangsak Chamanan was called "Sweet Eyes." Such definite nicknames are useful not only to normal citizens but to journalists as well. In the matter of Mr. Reagan it will be considerably easier for, say, a pleased New York *Post* to write its 3-in. headlines: BONNIE RONNIE, or DUTCH TREAT, rather than resorting to a characteristic, though imprecise, YAY.

There is, of course, a kind of nickname that does not stem from a desire for familiarity. Sobriquet is a more ceremonial word for nickname (sort of a nickname's given name), but it is generally used in a formal, titular sense, and not as anything one actually would call someone else. A nickname may be at once demeaning and endearing (see New Zealand's Prime Minister, "Piggy" Muldoon). But a sobriquet keeps its distance. Attila's sobriquets, for example, were alternately "The Terror of the World" and "The Scourge of God," depending on his behavior. No one called him Hunny.

It should be said too that there are public figures whose bearing simply does not lend itself to nicknames. It is hard to imagine that the French would ever refer to their leader as Val. And Mrs. Gandhi is surely nothing but Indira to her friend or two. To think of Leonid Brezhnev as anything like "Bud" or "Red" is out of the question, as is Whizzer Begin or Buck Khomeini. When reporters used their nickname for Cambodia's King Sihanouk, "Snooky," they were banned from his presence.

On the whole, however, people will fight through a forbidding given name, especially when they want to make someone more vivid in their minds. Where would baseball be without Goose, hockey without Boom Boom, football without Mean Joe? Common criminals would sound like common criminals were there no Machine Gun, Killer or Mad Dog among them. Not that all gangster names are so picturesque. Nathan Kaplan's monicker was "Kid Dropper" for reasons too awful to contemplate. And Al Capone was known as the Millionaire Gorilla, though it is hard to picture some floozie chucking him under the chin and cooing, "Come on, you big, bad Millionaire Gorilla."

Unfortunately, none of this offers much of a guide toward what to call soon-to-be President Reagan. Neither does America's own history, which is packed with presidential sobriquets equally various and baffling. George Washington was known not only as the Father of His Country, but also as the Stepfather of His Country and the Father of Pittsburgh. At least four U.S. Presidents were known as "His Accidency" (Tyler, Fillmore, Arthur and Andrew Johnson). That name, while suggestive, is still a cut above "His Fraudulency" (Rutherford B. Hayes). Martin Van Buren was alternately called "Whiskey Van," because he could hold his liquor, and "The American Talleyrand" (though Talleyrand was never known as the French Van Buren). We will not discuss Wobbly Willie McKinley or Old Rough and Ready.

A good many former Presidents were known as "The" something—"The Napoleon of the Stump" (Polk); "The Sage of Wheatland" (Buchanan); "The Squire of Hyde Park." Perhaps Mr. Reagan will come to be known as "The Squire of Rancho del Cielo," or "The Gipper," in reference to his second most memorable movie role, or in reference to the first, "The Rest of Me." New York Builder Donald Trump is called "The Donald" by Mrs. Trump, so we might call Mr. Reagan "The Ronald." It is too early to tell.

For now let it be noted that presidential nicknames have dwindled in our century, from "The Hero of San Juan Hill," who sported 17, to "Tricky Dick," who needed but one. Either we are growing less fond of our leaders, or they are growing further away from us. In any case, it will be a healthy sign for Mr. Reagan should the public start calling him Ronnie or even Sweet Eyes. TIME's congressional correspondent Neil MacNeil recalls that when Mike DiSalle, then mayor of Toledo, escorted ex-King Michael of Yugoslavia in an open-car parade, the citizens called out to the mayor, "Hey, Mike" and "Mike" this and "Mike" that. The King observed to his host that the people didn't seem to treat him with much dignity by calling him Mike. Replied DiSalle: "If your people had called you Mike, you might still be King."

—By Roger Rosenblatt

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